

Arlington Advocate.

C. S. PARKER & SON Editors and Proprietors.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

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ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, JANUARY 13, 1899.

No. 3.

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ABOUT TOWN MATTERS IN ARLINGTON.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc. to which an admission fee is charged or from which a revenue is derived, must be paid for as advertisements by the line.

—The Rev. James Benton Werner, of Lexington, will preach at St. John's church on Sunday evening. Service at 7.30.

—Edward Kelly, clerk at Yerxa & Yerxa's, is confined to his home by a sprained back. He is not a victim of la grippe.

—Mrs. T. Ralph Parris returned home on Monday from a pleasant visit to Fitchburg, where she was a guest of Mrs. Fred Young.

—There will be an early celebration of the Holy Communion at St. John's, on Sunday morning, at 7.30. This is the rule on the third Sunday of each month.

—Mrs. Stephen B. Wood gives a piano recital at Mr. Lang's room, 183 Chickering Bldg., Tremont street, Boston, on the afternoon of Tuesday next, at three o'clock.

—The ladies of the Samaritan Society hold a sale of food in the vestry of the Universalist church, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14, from 3 to 5 o'clock. The public is invited.

—At the annual meeting of the Universalist Ministers' Association of Boston and vicinity, held in Baiton Hall, Boston, Monday forenoon, Rev. Harry Fay Fisher, of Arlington, was chosen president of the Association.

—A committee is arranging for a series of pleasant musical evenings at St. John's parish house, on four Tuesday evenings, beginning Tuesday, the 24th. Reserve the dates and look for the advertisement in further issues.

—The Caroline Islands will be the subject considered at the next regular meeting of the Ladies' Foreign Missionary Society, in the parlor of the Congregational church, Monday afternoon, Jan. 16th. The new year's offering will be received at this meeting.

—Mrs. Wm. P. Nightingale, of 51 Jason street, was able to return to her home from the hospital on Saturday of last week. Mr. Nightingale has also sufficiently recovered to partially resume his business. They have both had a long and extremely trying siege of sickness.

—The Rev. C. J. Ketchum, a former rector, preached at St. John's last Sun-

day evening. The good congregation which came over the slippery ways to meet him must have been very gratifying to him. Mr. W. E. Wood, organist of the Baptist church, played at this service, and displayed the powers of the instrument in a short recital at its close.

—The regular meeting of St. Malachi Court 81, M. C. O. F., was held in Hibernian Hall, Jan. 5. Mr. Wm. A. Flarthy, D. H. C. R., assisted by Mr. Muldoon, High Conductor, installed the following officers: Thomas H. Nolan, C. R.; James W. Kenney, V. C. R.; Wm. R. LeBlanc, rec. sec.; Francis Spain, fin. sec.; Thomas F. Kenney, treas.; Dennis Hurley, senior conductor; Charles S. Paris, J. S.; John Cashman, O. S.; Edmund Reardon, representative to High Court; Francis Spain, alternate. After closing of business refreshments were served and the remainder of the evening was spent in listening to recitations and music, and dancing followed.

—Mr. Litchfield has this week received a recognition of his artistic skill that is something remarkable, nothing less than an application from Frank Munsey, the famous magazine publisher, for authority to reproduce in his magazine specimens of Mr. Litchfield's work, "particularly some of your pictures of children." Mr. Munsey saw some of Mr. Litchfield's work reproduced in another publication, and its excellence led to the correspondence to which we refer. Though contrary to his usual course, Mr. L. will loan pictures as requested. Our people recognize Mr. Litchfield's skill by liberal patronage. His Christmas trade was something phenomenal.

—The January "ladies' night," of Arlington Whist and Bicycle Club, was the most successful sociable this wide awake organization has enjoyed and the most numerously attended. Seven tables for whist were set in the parlor and reading room, and for two hours this fascinating game was enjoyed by the devotees able to be accommodated, the result being that the ladies' prize was awarded to Miss Twiss, while Mr. F. Russell captured the gentlemen's. The prominent feature of the affair, however, stood in the main room,

where the billiard table had been covered by caterer Hardy and loaded with about as pretty table setting as one can conceive of, candelabra, bright silver, hand-some china, and clear glass, holding a tempting array of viands, scattered among which were pinks and ferns. From this table the gentlemen served their lady friends and the closing hours of this monthly party was full of pleasant features. The club has a membership of thirty-eight, and a large majority were present with wife or lady friend.

—Goldsmith's famous comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," will be given in the Unitarian vestry, next Friday, Jan. 20th, at 7.45 p. m. The cast is as follows:—

Sir Charles Marlowe, Young Marlowe, Squire Hardcastle, Hastings, Tony Lumpkin, Digory, Dick, Thomas, Ammadab, Sling, Sungie, Muggins, Mrs. Hardcastle, Kate Hardcastle, Miss Neville, Maid,	Mr. Harold Rice Mr. Edward Bailey Mr. W. H. N. Francis Mr. Gaylord Brackett Mr. Carroll Gillet Mr. Gray Homer Mr. Chester Thorpe Mr. Wm. T. Foster Mr. Gray Homer Mr. Maxwell Brooks Mr. Roger Homer Miss Alice Homer Miss Grace Gage Miss Edith Trowbridge Miss Maude Pierce
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Admission 35 cents. Tickets for sale at O. W. Whittemore's.

—Yesterday was a busy time at G. A. Hall, the earlier portion of the day being devoted to preparation and later to enjoyment of provision made. W. R. C. No. 43, had a semi-public installation in the afternoon, Mrs. Goling, of Charlestown, assisted by Mrs. Nellie McCue, of the same place, inducting into office Mrs. Nellie M. Farmer, president, and the full list of officers as published two weeks ago. There were visitors present from Brighton, Medford and Cottage City, and pleasant addresses were made by some, also remarks by Com. Marden and A. A. Roberts of S. of V. At 6.30 a fine supper was served to Post, Corps, Associates and others, and at 8.15 Comrade John E. Gilman, bearer of many high "past" titles, assisted by Com. Frank H. Bell of Post 26, installed Commander Frank Marden and the entire list of officers serving last year with the exception of Edward W. Brown as Q. M. Sgt. Mr. Berthrong having gone from town. There were pleasant exercises at the close, including music by the orchestra, addresses by installing officers and others. In lieu of speeches from president of Corps 43 and B. F. A., letters containing checks were presented. It was a jolly affair, worthy a more extended report, but space this morning is limited.

—The monthly sociable at the Congregational church, held last Wednesday evening, was largely attended and the supper served at seven o'clock was all the most exacting could require. When the tables were cleared away an entertainment was presented by a committee of which Mrs. Jessie Crosby was chairman, and Selectman Crosby filled the place of manager. The program was varied, introducing vocal and instrumental music, readings and tableaux, or "illustrated songs," as the program designated them. Miss Ella Ball, Cambridge, was the reader, and in the character of her selections and in the rendering she was peculiarly happy, "catching" the audience from the outset and receiving repeated encores. Miss Lockhart's opening piano number "Blue bells of Scotland," was finely rendered and struck the keynote of the entertainment, which was largely Scottish in matter presented. The stage was set to represent a Scotch living-room, and the fire-place, though made of paper, was a complete optical delusion,—it was apparently "solid as a brick," and all the adjuncts were equally effective. Amid these surroundings properly costumed parties, under effective light, presented, "Whistle and I'll come to you," "Castles in the air," "John Anderson my Jo," "The Ingle Side," "Comin' thro' the rye," the singing being by Mrs. Crosby. Miss West of the Pricille Quartette, also favored the company with a solo. The readings, etc., spoken of were interspersed between the several scenes or acts presented. At the close the committee received warm congratulations upon the success of the affair to which we add our word.

—A genuine treat was furnished at the monthly meeting of the Unitarian Club, held on Friday evening, Jan. 8th, in the parlor of the First Parish church, when Major Charles K. Darling, of Boston, gave a descriptive talk bearing on events of last summer's campaign in Cuba. The supper was preliminary to the talk, after which President Phinney introduced Major Darling, whose military bearing and pleasing personality at once attracted and held the interest of his audience while he told most graphically and effectively those events in which he was an active participant as an officer of the 6th Mass Volunteer Infantry. Life on board the "Yale," the skirmishes witnessed at the close of the engagement before San-

tiago and incidents in the Porto Rico campaign, made up a descriptive account which brought home, as nothing can but a personal account of such scenes, the reality of the campaign, which to those who had no share in it is hard to realize excepting as some glimpse is obtained such as Major Darling's talk afforded. He drew an attractive picture of the Porto Ricans, describing their characteristics, their home life and dwellings. Those who were favored to thus gain a better idea of our lately acquired possessions are to be congratulated, for now the attention is drawn in this direction and the better informed one can become the more helpful they will find it in understanding the national and political situation of the times.

—On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Wyman, of Lake street, celebrated the 25th anniversary of their wedding, the exact date being the day previous. In the happy event they were assisted by a wide circle of relatives and neighbors who in the close and kindly intimacies of the past quarter century have become like brothers and sisters almost, joined in the heartiest manner. Appropriate gifts were numerous, the utmost sociability prevailed, and the fine spread furnished by caterer N. J. Hardy rounded out the affair in fine shape. May they reach their golden gateway in equally good health.

—An audience which almost filled the seating capacity of Town Hall, assembled there on Tuesday evening of this week, and passed an enjoyable evening listening to a program presented by the Tufts College Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Clubs, which has within the membership of both clubs talent of an excellent order and in combination furnish a program full of musical attractiveness and abounding in variety and novelty. The clubs appeared here under the auspices of the Arlington High School Athletic Association for the purpose of securing funds to be used in promoting the athletic sports in which the boys of the school have from time to time won distinction and which parents and friends have been glad to encourage, being well minded of the beneficial results which are to be gained from healthy sports. The audience was made up of the parents and friends of high school scholars, pupils, teachers and young people who thus showed a willingness to second the enterprise of the association to try and help itself. The Glee Club sang capably in concert, and their leader, Mr. Hart, sang with artistic finish his solo in the lullaby. The sweetness of the Mandolin Club music appealed to all who enjoy melodious sounds and their playing of the popular "Babbie Waltzes" was charming in effect. Mr. Ingalls' solo with the Glee Club called for an encore, it was so irresistibly funny, full of wit and humor and gave just the "turn" to bring down the house. The "Table D'Hote" was the encore given which was quite as funny as "Marlar." Mr.

Foster's reading gave an agreeable variety to the numbers, while Mr. Newton in the closing numbers gave the solos in the popular songs of "Tufts." It was in every way a meritable performance and for a fuller description you are referred to the program below:—

1 The Passing Regiment. Glee Club. Macy	2 C. V. G. March. Mandolin Club. Voteler
3 Marlar. Mr. Ingalls and Glee Club. Packard	4 Reading. "Margaret." Mr. Kingsbury Foster
(A society sketch.)	
5 Lullaby. Mr. L. S. Hart and Glee Club. Kjerulf	6 Little Cotton Dolly. Glee Club. Gettel

PART II.
1 The Indifferent Mariner. Mr. Foster and Glee Club. Bullard
2 The Babbie Waltzes. From "The Little Min-later." Mandolin Club.
3 Reading. "The Canadian Homer." Mr. Kingsbury Foster.
4 Nonsense Rhymes. (M. S. New.) Glee Club.
5 Manuela Portuguese. Mandolin Club. Reiter
6 Brown and Blue. E. W. Newton '90 in "Tufts Songs." Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

—Miss Mabelle E. Porter has been appointed teacher of grades 5 and 6 at the Cutter school, in place of Miss Mabel Fuller, resigned.

—The fifth annual ball of the Arlington Police Relief Association will take place in Town Hall next Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. Nelson Blake, accompanied by Mrs. Geo. T. Freeman as their guest, left on Wednesday, for Lake Helen, Florida.

—The annual meeting of the Arlington Orthodox Congregational Society will be held on Monday evening, Jan. 18, 1899, at 7.30, in the vestry of the church.

—At the annual meeting of the Horticultural Society in Boston, on Saturday last, Mr. Warren Heustis was elected chairman of the committee on vegetables.

—The annual meeting of the Orthodox Congregational Parish of Arlington will be held in the church vestry, next Monday evening. Members are urged to attend.

—Miss Sybil Moore, who spent the Christmas holidays as a guest in Mr. George D. Moore's family, returned on Monday forenoon to Vassar College, where she is a student.

—The genial face of Mr. Russell, who for more than 25 years has driven a team for Whittington's bakery, of Medford, and who has become a familiar figure through our streets and in our stores, has retired.

—About five o'clock on Saturday evening an alarm was rung in from Box 25 caused by a chimney on fire at the residence of Mr. Wm. G. Peck, on Pleasant street. The department responded promptly.

—Thursday evening, Nov. 26, Hose Co. No. 3 will have a social time at their home on corner of Broadway and Franklin street, which will include a supper and a historical paper by Mr. George Y. Wellington.

—The Baptist Endeavor Society will meet in the vestry, next Sunday evening, at 6.30. "Where am I going," is the topic with Bible reference in Ps. 119: 57-64. Miss Marcia M. Smith will lead the meeting.

—The ladies of the Unitarian Alliance will hold their monthly meeting in the parlor of the church, at 2.45, Monday, Jan. 16th. Mrs. Benj. A. Norton will read a paper entitled "A few thoughts about women."

—On Wednesday, in the vestry of the Baptist church, the ladies held their monthly sewing circle at two o'clock.

At four o'clock at the same time and place the Woman's Foreign and Home Mission Society held its meeting.

—At the Endeavor service at the Congregational church, Sunday evening, at 6.30 o'clock, Miss S. E. Ober is to speak in behalf of Berea College, an institution for the mountain peoples in Kentucky. A large attendance is desired to hear the speaker, and all are cordially welcomed.

—Mrs. Robert A. Ware held at her rooms in Ashburton place, Boston, on Wednesday afternoon of last week, a reception in honor of Prof. and Mrs. John Tyler, of Amherst, which was attended by quite a number of guests prominent in educational and literary circles.

—On Wednesday the Cambridge Ice Co., now owning a large majority of the ice privileges in Arlington began hauling a fine crop of twelve-inch ice on Little Spy Pond, and Horace and Winfield were happy. Yesterday was an ideal ice harvesting day and hundreds of tons were stored.

—Mr. Paul Ingham, who has been a guest of his cousins, at the residence of J. T. Trowbridge, Pleasant street, returned to Ann Arbor on Monday current. Mr. Ingham was east as a delegate from the University of Michigan to the meeting of the Federation of Colleges, held at Harvard College during the holiday season.

—Menotomy Fish and Game Club held its annual meeting on Tuesday, and chose Mr. N. J. Hardy, of Arlington, president; Dr. Rogers, of Woburn, vice-president; Leonard Smith, of Jamaica Plain, secretary and treasurer. The annual dues were reduced to ten dollars. The club banquet will be held next month.

—The special meetings at the Baptist church last week were successful in awakening quite an interest which was especially marked in the meeting of the Endeavor Society on Sunday evening. To encourage this "seeking after better things," an additional devotional meeting was held on Wednesday evening of this week, while the regular church meeting occurs this evening.

—Mr. John Prendergast, of 58 Mystic street, died last Saturday of cancer. An operation was performed two years ago, but the dread disease finally conquered. He was buried last Tuesday, at 9 a. m., from the Catholic church, and the funeral was largely attended. He was 60 years old. Friends will sympathize with the family in their sorrow. The burial was at St. Paul's cemetery.

—At the session of the Congregational Sunday school on the 8th inst., Mr. R. Walter Hilliard was unanimously chosen superintendent of the school. Mr. Hilliard has had large experience as a teacher in this school, has served several years as superintendent of the primary department and is in every way equipped to make a success in his new office.

High School Athletics.

Monday afternoon the High school polo team played with Belmont High, winning 5 to 1. The boys were out of practice and did not show up as well as they should against their opponents.

A. H. S.	B. H. S.
Plumer, r	r, Sargent
Berthrong, r	r, Looney
White, c	c, Hernandez
Hyde, b.l	b.l, McCune
Buckley, g	g, McCabe

Goals made by—White 3, Plumer, Berthrong and Looney. Referee, Daley, Umpires, Knowlton and Sargent. Time —20 min. halves.

Tuesday the boys played a tie with Chelsea High, the score standing 2 to 2. Although the wind was very high and the cold severe, the game was a fast one from both sides. Berthrong and White did star work for the home team, while Copeland and Shepard played well for Chelsea. An extra ten minutes was added to the second half. In order to play off the tie, but neither team was able to score.

A. H. S.	C. H. S.
Plumer, r	r, Copeland
Berthrong, r	r, Stearns (Spinner)
White, c	c, Trefethen
Hyde, b.b	b.b, Simpson
Buckley, g	g, Shepard

Goals made by—Berthrong 2, Copeland and Stearns. Referee, Pratt. Umpires, Jeffries and Kidder. Time—20 and 25 min. halves.

YERXA & YERXA.

We would respectfully invite the people of Arlington to visit our store, and be convinced that we are in a position to supply their wants as to **QUANTITY, QUALITY and PRICES.** Our aim is to make it a loss of time and money for them to go to Boston for their goods.

Orders delivered promptly and in good order. Courteous attention, whether you purchase or not.

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Arlington's NEW MARKET, 474 Mass. Avenue (SWAN'S BLOCK.)

We are having a **SPECIAL SALE** every Saturday, selling our goods at greatly reduced prices. Cash talks and we want your trade.

Short Cut Legs Lamb.....10c	Whole Hams.....10c
Fresh Pork by strip.....5c	Bacon by the strip.....10c
Corned and Smoked Shoulders.....7	Fresh killed Turkeys.....15c

Good Flank Corned Beef, whole, 4c. lb., 5c. out. Sirloin Steaks 20c. and 25c.

Orders called for and delivered promptly.

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The best glass of Soda in this or any other town go to Perham's and ask for one of his new kinds of Milk Shake. It is simply delicious, so everybody says. They say—Why can't we get such Milk Shakes anywhere else. Coupons given with every glass of Soda. When you get five you get a glass free at

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Also at all the leading tea and grocery stores.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Troubles With Roosters and Monkeys.
A Monument For New Orleans.
Wheeler on Horseback.

(Special Correspondence.)
Roosters and monkeys have claimed some attention here during the week. The proposition to tax roosters as a way of getting rid of the inclination of roosters to crow has not progressed. The legal authorities have passed upon the claim of a disturbed citizen to be entitled to suppress the roosters of his neighborhood with a complaint that they crow at inconvenient hours by the decision that one man cannot suppress a rooster. Careful reading of the ordinances on the subject has led to the conclusion, by the man who is authorized to provide decisions, that a single complaint is insufficient. At least two persons must complain of the same rooster to bring about his condemnation as a public nuisance.

The monkey case was touching. A humane person, who found an Italian organ grinder and a monkey on the street one recent chilly morning, had the grinder arrested for cruelty to the monkey, the offense being that the monkey was compelled to caper on the damp pavement in his bare feet. The proprietor of the monkey in the police court insisted that the monkey was not long subjected to the distress of performing on the cold pavement, and that he had suffered no illness as the result of exposure. When the complainant was asked what he would do to ameliorate the condition of this begging monkey, he seriously recommended that the monkey be provided with rubber boots. The defendant Italian was nonplused. He had not heard of monkey boots, rubber or otherwise. The Italian got off with an admonition to be merciful to his monkey.

Monument For New Orleans.

Of the numerous propositions before congress to raise monuments to military and naval heroes and in memory of martial events is one just brought forward by Senator Caffery of Louisiana to erect a monument to the soldiers that fell at the battle of New Orleans in 1815. In New Orleans this conflict between the American and British forces, one of the most notable of the second war with Great Britain, is known as the battle of Chalmette. The battle was fought some five or six miles from the city, within sight of the Mississippi river. Splendid old plantation houses of the distinct southern type dot the road that leads from the city to Chalmette. Now one goes through a squeaking iron gate, past arching trees, out into a pasture, to view the battlefield. In its center is a half finished monument of granite, uncared for and going to ruin as fast as it can. Adjoining the battlefield are a big plantation and a historic mansion owned by a son of General Beauregard. Senator Caffery proposes a monument that shall cost \$25,000.

Wheeler on Horseback.

The statesman at the capital resort to various methods for exercise and relaxation from the cares of state. Bicycles are in great favor, but a few old fashioned members prefer horseback riding. Mr. Hitt, the chairman of the committee on foreign affairs, rides remarkably well; Mr. Walker of Massachusetts sits his saddle with an ease and grace and rides with a boldness that a rough rider might envy, and Mr. Parker of New Jersey is often seen cantering about town with as much enthusiasm as a boy on his first mount. But far and away the best horseman in Washington is General Joe Wheeler. His outfit is not so stylish as some, his horses do not cavort and prance, and he does not look for ditches and fences to jump, but for really soldierly riding he has no equal.

Woman Suffrage For Hawaii.

Some of the ardent woman suffragists are urging members of congress to pass laws that will allow their Kanaka sisters to figure in the governing of Hawaii. This would of course allow good Queen Lili, now imploring the administration to compensate her for crown lands, to deposit a ballot on election days in Honolulu. Mrs. James Bennett of Richmond, Ky., has mailed to every senator and every member of the house a pamphlet in which she appeals for a universal suffrage clause in the act probably soon to be passed creating a territory out of Hawaii. "I ask you," she says, "to protect women by law equally with men in the right to vote at all public elections in Hawaii, just as they were protected in New Jersey from the time that state came into the Union in 1789 until 1807, and just as they are protected now in the states of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Idaho."

Too Much For the "Cabinet Women."

The week of Wednesday as the day of the choice on which nearly all of the evening receptions will be given at the White House has disturbed the peace of mind of the cabinet ladies to some extent. As a matter of course they will have to stand in the receiving line at the receptions, and if they are obliged to do this it will be impossible for them to hold their own afternoon receptions on the same day. Wednesday has been "cabinet day" from time immemorial. It would be sacrilege almost to change it, but something will have to be done, as it would be a physical impossibility for the strongest of the cabinet women to stand from 3 until 5 and then again from 5 until 11.

"The allotment of lands to the Seminole Indians will soon be consummated," said Mr. M. H. Devlin of the Indian Territory to a group of correspondents. "Of the five civilized tribes the Seminoles seem to be the most happy and contented. A recent census demonstrates that they have no troubles over the vexatious allotment question that has caused great annoyance in the other tribes. One thing that has greatly aided the Seminoles in getting their affairs in satisfactory shape was their willingness to meet with the Division commission from the beginning of the season."

CARL SCHEIDT.

WOMAN AND FASHION.

Lace Sprayed With Tiny Blossoms.
Handsome Evening Gown.
Shades For Winter.

Nothing in the evening toilets of this season are more exquisite than the gowns whose elegance is due chiefly to the skillful and artistic use of lace. One



LACE ROBE.

of the most charming of these is the shown in the accompanying cut of a lace robe. It is of ecru net, sprayed daintily with tiny blossoms of real lace mingled with small bouquets. The garment of the bodice is of tulle and mauve orobida, tied on the shoulder with a very chic satin bow and supplemented by a smart ornament for the hair.

White and cream lace robes in many variations of this type are very popular. They admit of very dainty effects and a great variety of color schemes, according to the needs of individual complexions.—New York Mail and Express

The Monocle Girl.

The single eyeglass is the latest fashion among pretty girls in London. Seated conspicuously in the front of a box at the opera the other evening, a charming, smartly attired girl attracted much attention by the calm survey which she made of the house through her monocle. She was so expert with the eyeglass that she did not even need a string to hold it. This, however, is not an isolated case. Hundreds of up to date girls are now wearing single eyeglasses, some of them in the semi-privacy of the family, it is true, but others openly in the street.—Washington Star.

Handsome Evening Gown.

One of the handsomest evening gowns of the season is shown in the figure. It is especially designed for a young woman. The material is pearl white satin.



FOR THE INFORMAL DINNER.

The body of the gown is covered with a tunic of chantilly, which is looped up over a spangled tablier. The décolleté edging, stole and sleeves are of white mousseline de soie.—New York Telegram.

Shades For Winter.

Colors for winter follow very closely in the wake of those worn during the summer. They will be extremely gay, and the leading tones run to plum and purple. Startling combinations of color are seen on some of the new importations, but somehow they do not make faces at each other, as a touch of white, cream or black always introduced is as a peacemaker. In fact, to be quite in the fashion it is imperative that every gown has a bit of black or cream, whether it be in lace, silk, chiffon, embroidery or velvet. Some of the handsomest black and dark colored gowns have white silk embroidered sprays and set figures applied. Others are bridled in black, having just a line of white running through the design.—Woman's Home Companion.

New Shirt Pins.

One way that one woman has of fastening the plain back of one of her new shirts is by safety pins of graduated size. These are all of heavy gold wire. The largest is just below the waist, and in the center of it is an oval turquoise. The next pin below this is a size smaller, and the next a size smaller than that, and so on through the five. A safety pin with a turquoise like this is in a row with five small turquoise, each having the little turquoise head set in gold.

ARLINGTON SOCIETIES, CHURCHES, Etc

ARLINGTON CO-OPERATIVE BANK.
Meets in banking rooms of First National Bank, FIRST Tuesday in each month, at 7.30 p. m. Money offered at auction at 8.30.

ARLINGTON FIVE-CENT SAVINGS BANK.
Bank Building, corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 to 5.30 p. m.; Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 9.

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.

Meets first Monday in each month at Club House on margin of Spy Pond. Admission fee, \$10; annual dues, \$15.

ARLINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets by invitation fourth Tuesday of each month.

A. O. H., DIV. 23.

Meets in Hibernian Hall, corner Myrtle and Chestnut streets, first and third Thursdays of each month, at 7.30 p. m.

A. O. U. W., CIRCLE LODGE, NO. 77.

Meets first and third Fridays of each month in Association Hall, Park avenue, at 8 p. m.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Corner Massachusetts avenue and Pleasant street. Open daily from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 7 to 8.30.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Hose No. 1, on Park avenue; Hose No. 2, on Massachusetts avenue; Menotomy 1, on L. & L.; Hose No. 3, on Broadway; Brackett Chemical; Eagle Hose, Henderson street.

F. A. M., HIRAM LODGE.

Meets in Masonic Hall, corner Massachusetts avenue and Medford street, Thursday on or before the full moon.

MENOTOMY R. A. CHAPTER.

Meets third Tuesday of each month in Masonic Hall.

G. A. R., FRANCIS GOULD POST, 36.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall, Massachusetts avenue, second and fourth Thursdays of each month, at 8 o'clock p. m. W. R. C., No. 43, meets on afternoons of same dates, at same place, at 2.

S. O. V., CAMP 45.

Meets in G. A. R. Hall second and fourth Tuesdays of each month, at eight o'clock p. m.

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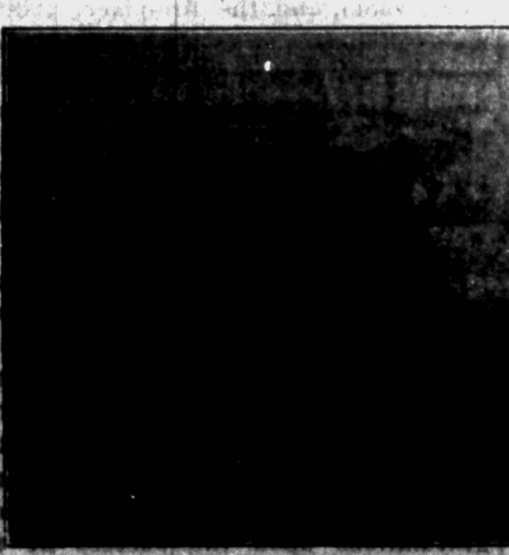
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CURRENT MISCELLANY.

There are many stories told about the manner in which secretaries in the different departments are hampered by what is known as regulations, law and general red tape. An instance of this occurred the other day in the navy department. A case had been presented to Secretary Long concerning an enlisted man who went into the navy as a sailor at the beginning of the war, but as there did not seem to be any near prospect of further fighting the man wanted to return to his family and his old occupation.

To the secretary it was a meritorious case, and he decided to issue a discharge for the man. He called in an officer from the navigation bureau and made known his wishes. "It can't be done," Mr. Secretary," said the officer. "A sailor cannot be discharged except for cause." The secretary sent for the chief of the navigation bureau. "I want to have this man discharged from the navy," he announced. The chief knit his brows and replied: "Mr. Secretary, the law and regulations are very strict. A man cannot be discharged from the navy except for cause."

The secretary was not yet satisfied and requested the attendance of the judge advocate general, the law officer of the department. "Is there any way in which a man may be discharged from the navy?" asked the secretary. "Oh, yes," answered the lawyer, "any man can be discharged for cause." "Not otherwise?" asked the secretary. "I am anxious to have this man discharged." "Well," answered the judge advocate, "the law says a man cannot be discharged from the navy except for cause and the reason stated in his discharge." The secretary looked at the officer for a moment and then said, with a twinkle in his eye, "Make out this man's discharge," and added, after a slight hesitation, "because it rained yesterday morning." The man has received his discharge.—Washington Star

The Terrors of Kissing.

In a kissing contest for \$5 a side, which has just been declared off in a small town in Lancashire, the challenger sank exhausted at the seven hundredth smack, his opponent having scored 1,800 in the hour.

Over in Germany at about the same time a young lover wrote to his sweetheart that he sent her 10,000 kisses. She sent back word that that was all well enough on paper, but that he had not the nerve to perform the feat in a truly manly way. This challenge was likewise accepted, and ten hours' time was allowed, with brief intervals for malt refreshments.

At the end of the first hour the score was 2,000 and the condition of both active and passive participant good. One thousand more were added in the second hour, but at the seven hundred and fiftieth kiss on the third round the young man's lips became paralyzed and he lost consciousness. This fate, which some might consider merited, should prove a warning to promiscuous kissers as well as to those who concentrate with persistence. It is not paralysis alone, but insanity, which may follow such efforts.—Medical Record.

What Fright Cost Him.

"Boston business men," says the Worcester Gazette, "who rented boxes in Worcester security vaults during the bombardment scare on the New England coast are returning their securities now that the war is ended. All had to be hired for a year, but most of the rentals will not be renewed. One rich man who rented a Worcester box is sorry he did not risk bombardment. He came up here on dividend day and cut off coupons amounting to several hundred dollars. On his way back his pockets were picked, and, as the coupons are payable to bearer, the thief secured what was as good as money. The victim endured his loss in silence, but the story leaked out, and he is frequently chaffed about it at the Boston clubs."

The Tooth of Buddha.

The solitary tooth of Buddha is to be contained in what will probably be the most valuable coffer in the world. A Shan chieftain recently sent to Moulemein, in Burma, an emerald worth, it is declared, two lakhs of rupees, in order that the Burmese Buddhists might include it among the jewels which they are going to send to Ceylon in order to adorn the tooth holding coffer. Jewelry worth 50,000 rupees had been already received from Rangun and Mandalay, and the Moulemein Buddhists have themselves secured jewelry to the value of 85,000 rupees. Thus the total value of the jewelry adorning the coffer will be about three and a half lakhs.—London Chronicle.


Flucking Horses While They Skate.

The weather conditions which have produced skating are rather remarkable. For the past week the temperature remained almost steadily a few degrees below freezing point, days clear and sunshiny and the nights a trifle colder. The continued low temperature has at last frozen still water, without the usual cold snap entrapment to water pipes and without seriously damaging the roads. Beautiful beds and half developed tows are to be found in many gardens. So it has been possible for people going out skating to pick roses to wear as they glided over the ice.—Portland Oregonian.

A Gordon Letter.

It is said that a private soldier found in a street at Omdurman the letter which Gordon wrote to the Mahdi in answer to the demand for retreat or surrender. The letter has been examined by all the ablest experts and is pronounced to be in Gordon's handwriting. As might be expected, all men of character to suspect, the Mahdi is reminded of his evil doings, and his attention is called to the fact that he is a coward.

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FACTS IN A FEW LINES.

In battle only one ball out of 85 takes effect.

The name Holland is an abbreviation of Hollowland.

Afghanistan has a regular army of about 60,000 men.

There are only three structures in the world 500 feet in height.

Korean paper is so strong and dense that it can be used to cover umbrellas.

Asparagus grows wild in the Russian steppes in such abundance that it serves as food for cows.

Munich is increasing in population very rapidly, having at the present time 480,000 inhabitants.

The civil population of Gibraltar amounts to 19,100, to which is to be added a garrison of about 4,600 men.

Tramway companies in Buenos Ayres are not allowed to build any tracks except such as can be used by ordinary vehicles.

The Russians are enormous eaters, feeding about seven or eight times during the day, an average of once every two hours.

A "prince" in Russia is as common place as a plain "Mr." in England or the United States, and it denotes just about as much social rank.

The wooden bicycle used by Blondin in his famous ride across the Niagara falls on a rope is still in existence and was sold in Paris not long ago for half a crown.

An English writer, who for 15 years or more has been a student of criminal anthropology, says that large, voluminous ears are the most marked characteristic of the criminal.

In New York city there are more than 1,100 churches, including all denominations. There are more than 15,000 congregations, about 400 of which hold services in rented halls.

The whole of the blood in the body passes through the heart in about 32 beats. In a man of 70 years of age about 675,920 tons of blood will have passed through his heart during his life.

"All is fair in love and war" is one of those proverbs to which no authorship can be assigned. In various forms and language it is found in many poems. It is cited in "Christy's Proverbs" as of very ancient origin.

In the forests of Guiana dwell some very large and exceedingly ferocious black ants, which throw up hills 15 and 20 feet in height. They will not hesitate to attack man, and their headquarters are usually given a wide berth.

A turban generally consists of from 10 to 14 yards of cloth and is as a rule only worn by emuams (priests), those who have made the hadj or pilgrims to Mecca and among theological students; also by some eastern nations.

A matrimonial lottery takes place four times a year in Smolensk, Russ. A young maiden is raffled for, 50 tickets being issued, at 1 rouble each. The money is given to the girl as her dowry, and the holder of the lucky ticket marries the girl.

Foreigners in China buy nearly everything on credit, giving signed "chits" for every purchase, the reason being their unwillingness to load themselves down with silver or native coin, while paper money fluctuates too much.

The most curious agency which has been inaugurated in Paris for some time past is that for the supply of the fourteenth guest. Parisians, like some other people, have a superstitious objection to dinner parties of 13. The agency supplies a fourteenth guest when desired.

In connection with Li Hung Chang's mission—to inquire into the overflow of the great Yellow river—a Chinese merchant in Boston says that the stream has always been of its present color, except one day about 3,000 years ago, on which occasion a great man was born and the river was perfectly clear.

The czars of Russia have been the favorite game of the assassin. The nobles attacked Oscar Paul in 1801. Alexander II was attacked four times before he was finally killed in 1881 by a bomb thrown by a man, who was himself killed in St. Petersburg. Two attempts were also made on the life of the late czar, Alexander III.

If Jerusalem was the birthplace of Christianity, Antioch was the place of baptism. Antioch was the greatest city in the empire after Rome and Alexandria. It possessed—as was computed—some half a million of inhabitants. It was a vast emporium of trade and commerce, and ranked practically as the metropolis of the east.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world is the annual migration of butterflies across the isthmus of Panama. Toward the end of June a few scattered specimens are discovered flitting out to sea, and as the days go by the number increases until about July 14 or 15 the sky is occasionally almost obscured by myriads of these frail insects.

The best hotel in San Juan, Porto Rico, charges \$3 a day, but the sleeping rooms all open into courts, have no outside windows and are to the last extremely hot. Under Spanish law, in towns where houses join no outside windows are allowed. This is to avoid the danger of dirt from the interior blowing on to adjacent roofs and contaminating the water, as all the supply is collected from the rainfall on the roofs and stored in cisterns.

Most Europeans and Americans wear their finger nails in blunt shape, slightly polished. There have been exceptions to this general rule. Townsend, the renowned abolitionist, had finger nails which were naturally broader than those of ordinary men, and he wore them long, making them portable memorandum books. On them he would inscribe as many Hebrew roots as they would permit and commit the words to memory at odd moments.

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

How the "Recessional" Was Written.
Roosevelt and Polly—Glad to See His Friend Cullom.

Rudyard Kipling has again been trapped by the wiles of the interviewer, this time somewhere in mid-Atlantic. Kipling's fellow voyager had heard of the last attempt on the author's (private) life, when in reply to an innocent question concerning his poems the writer of "Barrack Room Ballads" curtly remarked he thought Kipling a much overrated man and turned on his heel and walked away.

So the wise interviewer conversed with Kipling on every subject under the sun but his own works until in a weak moment the famous author began unconsciously to talk of himself and his poems. The interviewer then ventured a cautious appreciation of the "Recessional"—and sends the result to The Daily Mail.

"Ah," said Kipling, "that poem gave me more trouble than anything I ever wrote. I had promised The Times a poem on the jubilee, and when it became due I had written nothing that satisfied me. The Times began to want that poem badly and sent letter after letter asking for it.

"I made many more attempts, but no further progress. Finally The Times began sending me telegrams. So I shut myself in my room, with a determination to stay there until I had written a jubilee poem. Sitting down with all my previous attempts before me, I searched through those dozens of sketches till at last I found just one line I liked. That was, 'Lest we forget.' Round these words the 'Recessional' was written."—London Mail.

Roosevelt and Polly.
The colored cook on the transport going over had a parrot that was a wonder. It could swear in both English and Spanish and was willing and eager to learn more. It was Colonel Roosevelt's habit to go to the galley every night



"HOW ARE THE LADIES?"
Just before sitting for a cup of coffee. The last night on board ship the colonel left his stateroom and walked slowly forward to the galley in deep thought. Entering, he found the cook absent. He decided to wait, and to pass the time away turned to the parrot, which was sleeping.

"Hello, Polly!" he said.

The bird looked up, puffed out his feathers a bit and replied:

"Hello, madam! How are the ladies? How are the ladies? How in h—l are the ladies?"

The boys blamed it on Ham Fish.—Detroit Free Press.

Glad to See His Friend Cullom.
An interesting incident is told of the visit of Governor Cullom and his staff, together with the chief executives of 29 other states, to Yorktown, Va., in 1881, to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis with 7,000 men to General George Washington. General W. T. Sherman, who was an old friend of Governor Cullom, was present, and they had not met for a number of years. The celebration was opened with prayer, and the minister, impressed with the importance of the occasion, had prepared a long invocation, which required half an hour to deliver. Nearly every one present seemed to be weary by the length of the prayer, and General Sherman went to sleep. He woke up when the minister had read about half the prayer and saw his old friend for the first time. Unmindful of the minister, he arose from his seat and started toward Governor Cullom, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hello, Cullom! How are you?" The general's interruption almost broke up the preliminaries to the celebration, when Cullom quickly moved nearer the old warrior to quiet him, and then the minister finished the prayer without further interruption.

Not Abashed by a Knight.
Speaker Reed used his wit without regard to the status of those who happen to be with him when he sees an opening for it. He was the guide of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and a number of members and attaches of the Canadian-American joint high commission in their tour of the capital the day that Chairman Dingley entertained them at a luncheon in his committee room. Mr. Reed prodded his visitors admittance into numerous rooms that would not have been opened to ordinary visitors, or in fact to hardly anybody, except upon an order from the speaker.

This was appreciated by Sir Wilfrid, but when there was a slight delay at the dining room entrance, owing to some confusion in arranging the tables and chairs, he thought to have a little fun at the speaker's expense by saying, "Your authority here, Mr. Reed, doesn't seem to be absolute." The speaker's eyes twinkled as he replied in his customary drawl, "Oh, is that hair trigger, but it will be all right in a minute." The delay was forgotten in one laugh which followed.

MOUNTAIN ROSE.

Cold and rough the north wind blows,
Black in the morning early.
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley?

All the world is under snows,
Blowing 'tis and snowing.
Who should I meet but Mountain Rose
The way that I was going?

Not a leaf on the poplar tree,
Not a flower on the heather.
Mountain Rose looked shyly at me
As we stepped out together.

Mountain Rose, so airy and free,
Where are roses blowing?
Rose's cheek, half turned from me,
The rose of love was showing.

Black and cold the north wind blows,
Never a bird is singing.
There's a lift in the voice of Rose
Sweet as the skylark ringing.

Winter's black on heather and broom,
Where shall I find honey?
Rose's mouth is the honeycomb
And Rose's laugh is bonny.

Black and cold the north wind blows,
Winter comes in fairly.
I keep summer with Mountain Rose
Among the stubble barley.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

THE VOLUNTEER.

The mother would not be pacified.
"Not you," she said; "not you." "The only son of his mother, and she was a widow"—remember that. War is not for you."

"The country calls," argued the young man. "Must I consider myself at such a time?"

The girl who was to be his wife spoke up.

"Yourself!" she said. "Is it only yourself?"

"You, too," he answered. "I fight for those I love when I fight for my country."

"What do you know of the hell and horror of war?" demanded his mother. "War made your father an invalid for life. Is not that enough for me to give my country? There are others who should go—rich men's sons bred in luxury, who should meet hardship for once in their lives—but you, with your meager pay, which barely provides for us!"

"My work is more than that," he frowned.

"Yes," she said, "you should make it more; there will be your wife to provide for."

"If you love me"—began the girl, when she broke down, burying her face in her hands.

"If you would only understand," he pleaded. "You know how it is—our countrymen murdered, the flag insulted, men going to the front. Must I stay here grinding out a daily existence in work that gives me mere food and shelter while those brave fellows stake their lives for me?"

"And what will become of you," cried his mother, "if you should return after the fighting is over? The position you have is mean, but it is something. Will it be held for you till the war is ended? I have seen war, and I know what comes afterward—struggle, poverty, inability to earn daily bread."

"I love you," said the girl, "but how can you tell that I may not forget you for some one else, when you can so easily leave me?"

"If I thought," returned he, "that you could be false to me!"

"Not that," she interrupted. "But a woman gives trust for trust; she cannot wholly obliterate herself when she finds that she is held unworthy. For am I not held unworthy when you can leave me against my wishes?"

His mother caught up the word. "A worthy son does not forget his mother in her hour of need. You are all I have."

He looked about him. He saw the peace at home, the sun shining in at the window, the peace outside of field and brook and wood; he heard the distant low of cattle, the peaceful song of mated birds. "Then," he sighed, "you would rather I should be a coward?"

"The brave man," said the girl, drying her eyes, "is he who stands behind the woman who loves him." She smiled up at him. "Stay with us. You are no less a soldier in being our commander." She placed her arms about him, drawing him to her.

His mother came and stood beside him. "Stay with us," she echoed.

"Listen!"

It was a new voice that spoke. The words came from a small, cramped form crouching beside the stove in the corner. It was the old grandmother. More than fourscore years had bowed her head. They had not thought that she understood. Her blind eyes were filmy. There was a smile upon her shriveled lips and one shaking hand was raised above her head.

"Listen!"

From afar off came a sound that was other than that of lowing kine and song of birds.

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!"

The young man straightened.

The old grandmother rose to her feet. She swayed a little and caught at the wall. She groped about the room to a tall chest of drawers. From it she took a long, narrow package.

"My son," she said, with feeble voice, "was shot in war and died from the effects of his wounds years after. It was an honorable death. While he was fighting I picked lint. I tore up all my linen to make it; then I went to the front and nursed the wounded. My husband was a midshipman in 1812. A cannon severed the sinews of his arm. I was a girl when I met him, and his helpless arm made me love him. Listen!"

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!" The sound was a little nearer.

"My grandfather," quavered the old grandmother, "wasnt Valley Forge. He was made prisoner. It was winter. His mother went to see him, carrying a basket of food. The journey was many miles. Sometimes a runner for her side a way in his coat. The end of the way she walked through the snow. When

she reached the prison, the guards took her basket from her and divided the contents. They would not let her see her son. She ran past the soldiers up to the prison door. 'Child,' she called, 'kiss the keyhole on your side! I will kiss it on mine. Bear up! Be brave! God bless you! Your mother prays for you and thinks of you with a smile on her lips and not a tear in her eye.' As she spoke the old woman tore the wrappings from the package she held and disclosed a dim blade. "It was my grandfather's!" she thrilled.

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!" came the sound and nearer yet.

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!"

"Mother!" gasped the young man.

The old grandmother stood in the middle of the room almost erect. A tinge of color was in her cheek and made her seem almost young. She held out the sword.

"Your country," she said, "and your God!"

"The God of peace!" the young girl whispered.

"The God of honorable war!" cried the old grandmother. The young man turned to the girl.

"My son!" His mother spoke. Her eyes were kindled. "I, too, can nurse the wounded."

"And I can at least pick lint," the girl said.

The old grandmother turned her sightless eyes toward them. "There must be no cowards in my family," she said. "Love knows no cowardice; affection has its pride in bravery. Remember Valley Forge! Remember 1812! Remember your father! Listen!"

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!" The recruits were marching through the village street.

"Mother!" cried the young man.

"My love!"

"Go!" said his mother.

"Go!" sobbed the girl he loved.

He bent over and kissed the girl, then his mother and turned to the old grandmother.

"The sword—kiss the sword," she said, "and go and do your duty."

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!"

Flags were flying; crowds were following the recruits. Into the dust and swirl rushed the youth. His hat was off; the sun threw its beams on his curling, fair hair. They in the doorway saw that.

He looked back at his mother, with her arm about the girl he loved, waving her handkerchief to him, though he knew her eyes were streaming. And back of all he saw the old dim sword held up by the blind grandmother.

"Drum—drum—der-um, drum, drum!" And onward he went to do battle for his country and his flag.—Robert C. V. Meyers in Every Month.

The Money Cost of War.
A calculation as careful as is possible places the total cost of war during the last 3,000 years at the appalling sum of \$120,000,000,000. If it were possible to pay this enormous bill in gold, we should require 942,857 tons of sovereigns and an army of over 600,000 horses to draw it.

If it had been possible for all the mints now existing throughout the world to begin coining sovereigns at their present rate in the year of Christ's birth, they would still have to continue for 879 years more before their task would be completed.

If these sovereigns could be reared into one sky piercing column as a memorial to those whose blood they bought, the column would stand on a base of 100 square feet and would rise into the clouds nearly 4,000 feet higher than the summit of Mont Blanc. They would equally pave with sovereigns a road 78 feet wide, stretching from Charing Cross to over 100 miles beyond Constantinople.

And this is the appalling price which men have paid in gold and blood for the privilege of killing each other.—London Standard.

Mutually Unpleasant.
Many are the trials encountered by the unfortunate man who, in time of domestic turmoil, is forced to visit an intelligence office.

"My dear," said Mr. Roberts, his youthful face flushed with heat and symptoms of irritation in his voice, "I really should prefer to do the cooking myself rather than go to that intelligence office again."

"Have I secured a cook?" he went on. "No, I have not, Mrs. Roberts. I escaped from one dreadful creature, who even asked me whether our house was 'towed free or mortgaged.' And as I turned from her I saw a respectable looking woman who had just entered the room. She looked comparatively pleasant. So I stepped up to her and asked meekly:

"'Can you fill the position of cook in a family of four?'"

"She looked at me as if she'd like to wither me with one blighting glance and said haughtily: 'I am trying to fill that of coachman in a family of two. I think you would do if you have proper recommendations.'"—Youth's Companion.

He Obeyed Instructions.
The Club Woman tells an amusing story of a party of women who recently visited Pike's peak. A youth, still in knee breeches, although he wore a collar of extraordinary height and stiffness, was their guide, but his knowledge of the points of interest appeared to be slight.

Every few minutes he stood up and shouted the names of certain bowdaws and streams. When we were nearly at the top, he called out:

"On the right is the Lion's Mouth!"

"Why is it called the Lion's Mouth?" asked a skeptical lady who had pestered him with "why's" all the way.

"Aw, I dunno," said the lad, that of being asked for information. "I was told to better than that. I dunno why it's called the Lion's Mouth, but I better go on to the next."

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Miss Marion Lockwood is enjoying the gayeties of Washington life.

Mr. Charles P. Johnson will lead the Follen Guild next Sunday evening. Subject, "Liberty and loyalty." All are welcome.

Mr. Kenny Malone is now recovering from a serious attack of la grippe. His many friends are pleased that he is daily getting better.

Remember the concert and dance for the Firemen's Relief Fund at Town Hall, Lexington, Wednesday evening, Jan. 18th. All should be interested.

Rev. Mr. Cochran preached last Sunday morning from these words,—"Cast thy bread upon the waters and after many days it will return to thee again," his subject being "Nothing venture, nothing have."

Selectman Spaulding has felt the grippe this week, and also many others in our midst, and our children in many of our homes have been obliged to have as their guest the chicken pox. Miss Emma Parker, teacher of the second grade in Adams school, has been out with grippe.

Sunday evening Mr. Roy, a native of India who is being educated in our country, gave an address on India. He urged strongly the advisability of the nobility of that far away land coming here to be educated, which will do more for its advancement than anything else. A collection was taken.

Col. Wm. A. Tower's many friends sympathize with him and his family in the loss of his fine horse "Argetine," who was a great favorite as well as trotter. He fell dead while Mr. Richard Tower was driving him on the State road, near the residence of Mr. Cotton, on Monday. He probably died of heart disease.

Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes Lockwood last week accompanied their son, Mr. William Lockwood and wife, of Concord, as far as New York, when they started for a trip abroad, hoping it will improve Mr. William Lockwood's health. He has not wholly recovered from his severe illness of typhoid fever which prostrated him last summer.

Mrs. Mary G. (Tyler) Lee died in Carlisle, Jan. 2d. She was a daughter of the late Edward T. and Rachel Tyler and was born and educated in our village. She was born in 1838 and married Mr. Marshall Lee, April 2, 1865. Her funeral was on Thursday, Jan. 5th, at her late home. She leaves a husband and three children, one brother and two half brothers, one being Mr. Henry Tyler, of our village, who, by her death, have lost a faithful wife, mother and sister.

Our Baptist friends held a social in Emerson Hall, Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th, and they had a grand, old-fashioned quilting party. The quilt was fastened in frames and the ladies chatted, as they picked into it many a stitch. After the shades of evening prevailed, the gentlemen and younger people came and all sat down to a good, old-fashioned (spiced with new fashioned) supper, and then followed some songs of the olden time and a spelling match which taxed the memories of the oldest, to say nothing of the youths and maidens. The hours flitted swiftly and delightfully, bringing back the far-away past and engraving it, for the time being, into the web and wool of the departing nineteenth century.

The Friday Club met last week with Miss Maud Seeling, who read a long, well written paper on the subject for the afternoon, being "The fine art." Mrs. Cochran had an interesting paper on architecture; Mrs. Blanchard a concise paper full of poetry, and Miss Brigham one on painting. Mrs. Pero led the current events and read a spicy piece on the different vocations which women have filled during this outgoing century which heretofore were only filled by men. Miss Seeling treated her guests to ice cream and cake and we carried home as souvenirs little Japanese dolls tastefully dressed in tissue paper of varied colors, and serving as covers for the pasteboard cups of ice cream. Our president, Mrs. George E. Worthen, presided over the members with a useful cinder, and it proved a good meeting, notwithstanding the cold storm.

The Journal Transcript, of Franklin Falls, N. H., has an article on the close of the pastorate of Rev. I. G. Elder, which completed thirty years of his life as a minister. On Christmas Day he closed his pastoral relations with the Unitarian church of Franklin Falls, and it says that there was a large attendance as he departed on his last journey. Mr. Elder came to Franklin fourteen years ago in September and they report his pulpit work as having been marked with ability and

La Grippe Successfully Treated.

"I have just recovered from the second attack of la grippe this year," says Mr. Jas. A. Jones, publisher of the Leader, Mexico, Texas. "In the latter case I used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and I think with considerable success, only being in bed a little over two days against ten days for the former attack. The second attack I am satisfied would have been equally as bad as the first but for the use of this remedy, as I had to go to bed in about six hours after being 'struck' with it, while in the first case I was able to attend to business about two days before getting 'down.' For sale by O. W. Whittemore, Arlington, and by L. G. Babcock, Lexington.

Arlington Heights Locals.

—Miss Katherine Brockway spent last week as the guest of friends at Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

—The regular business of the Ladies' Aid was held at Park avenue church, Tuesday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Baxter, who own and now occupy the residence on Park avenue formerly occupied by Mrs. Beaumont, held their first wedding "at home" on Tuesday of this week.

—A petition is being circulated and signed generally, asking that the Heights district be made a voting precinct. It is thought this will not only add greatly to the convenience of residents, but will promote an added interest in the affairs of good citizenship.

—Messrs. Herbert W. Kendall, Harold E. Ring, Oscar A. Schmetzer and Fred R. White are the managers for a social dance in Crescent Hall this (Friday) evening. The first party under the above management proved such a signal success that the one this evening is anticipated with pleasure.

—Tuesday evening a meeting of the young people of this section was called to form a League, the purpose of which is for advancement along the lines of self-improvement, including discussions of current topics and the debate of questions which from time to time agitate the public mind. Mr. Arthur Perkins has interested himself in this timely and commendable project, which we trust may be successfully inaugurated among our young people of the Heights.

—Next Monday evening, Jan. 16, there will be a meeting of the proprietors of Park avenue church, which is of paramount importance and we trust the attendance may be large. On recommendation of the standing committee, the advisability of converting the present unsectarian character of the church into a denominational organization will be discussed and voted on, and the wish is that all interested in either one way or the other may come to a decision which will result to the best good of the parish.

—No date has yet been decided on for the dedication of the new Locke school. In the meantime the finishing touches to the class rooms are being added and teachers and pupils are enjoying the handsome new structure. We found the building warm and cheery when we dropped in Tuesday morning, and were again impressed with the generosity of our town in providing beautiful quarters for its children while they pursue the free educational advantages which the town is willing to tax itself to the utmost to provide. This is indeed a public benefit as well as a public institution, but that young people have any realization of their present advantages is perhaps too much to expect. Still it is safe to say that they, in this instance, are aware of the advantages of these present quarters over the old school and are enjoying the contrast.

—No little interest is felt here in the project which has reached a permanent and satisfactory organization of the people of the Heights, which is for the purpose of promoting the interests of this section and obtaining a voice in the direction of town affairs. After preliminary meetings and private discussions, the project was crystallized in the formal organization on Thursday evening, Jan. 6th, when some fifty citizens were present. The meeting evoked a unanimous purpose and good feeling. A constitution and by-laws were adopted as drawn up to control the organization and there was some interesting debate on live subjects, chief of which was the desirability of making the Heights a voting precinct, and methods to secure a more equal apportionment of taxes. The interest and

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enthusiasm with which the club has been received is an inspiration to its promoters who mean to make their influence felt in the approaching election. The next meeting is open to the call of President Leon H. Bowers and Secretary W. B. Farmer.

—Next Sabbath services will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Stenbridge, and be the same as usual. At 6 p. m., Y. P. S. C. E. will meet in the lecture room, led by Miss Alice White. Topic, "A precious invitation," Matt. 11: 25-30. At 7.15, p. m., praise service in the church, followed with sermon by the pastor.

—Mr. Harry O. Drew was agreeably surprised by a party of friends Tuesday evening. After spending a pleasant evening in playing games, they partook of an old-fashioned Nova Scotia supper.

—When finding fault with things which are not, it is helpful to look back and take account of the advantages we have become possessed of, and it is often a surprise to find really how much of life's good things have been ours to enjoy. We are richer by far, in this section, than ever before. Large sums have been spent on the thoroughfares, surface drainage put in, a system of sewerage instituted and a commodious and elegant new schoolhouse erected within the past year, and although there is much to be desired along certain lines, still no section has, we feel, been more generously dealt with than ours. The town, and the two great transportation lines of railways have had their full share in the splendid development which the last few years show and which has augmented private enterprise in no small degree.

—Deputy Grand M. W., F. R. Clarke, of West Newton, installed the officers of Circle Lodge No. 77, A. O. U. W., on Friday evening, Jan. 6th. Master Workman McKenzie signaled his retirement as the active head of the lodge by conducting an initiation. Three new members have joined during his administration and there are three more applicants awaiting action. Following the exercises there was a collation and all passed off smoothly. The officers installed were as follows:—

Past M. W.,—E. I. McKenzie.
M. W.,—W. D. Rockwell.
Foreman,—W. J. Freethy.
Overseer,—H. K. Brown.
Guide,—F. W. Hadley.
Recorder,—J. R. Mann.
Financier,—W. P. Hadley.
Receiver,—H. W. Pelce.
In. W.,—Lockwood Davis.
Out. W.,—David E. Taylor.

—An entertainment was given in Park avenue church, Monday evening, for the purpose of raising money for the use of the music committee of the church, and which was under the direct management of Mr. J. R. Mann. Mr. W. C. Coles, the blind entertainer, was the talent secured, and he was quite as successful in his efforts to furnish a program varied and pleasing as when he appeared at East Lexington a short time ago. The first part of the program consisted of humorous selections by such writers as Mark Twain, Joel Chandler Harris, Bill Nye, and James Whitcomb Riley, while the second part was made of dialect selections. In the third part Mr. Coles was especially successful, showing rare ability as a ventriloquist. He went through a little comedy with puppets, controlling his voice so that five different characters were personated in a clever and highly realistic manner, showing the performer's more than usual skill in this direction and interesting the company most successfully. We are glad to be able to commend Mr. Coles for his merit and also for his cheerful courage in not allowing his infirmity to discourage his efforts in winning a place for himself in the world.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, JAN. 15.

Text of the Lesson, John 11: 1-11. Memory Verse, 11—Golden Text, John 11: 11—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1898, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and the mother of Jesus was there." The third day's work in Gen. 1 was the appearing of the dry land and its being covered with grass, herbs and fruit trees. It was on the third day that Abraham received Isaac back from the dead in a figure (Gen. xxii, 4; Heb. xi, 19). On the third day Jonah, being delivered from the belly of the fish, started for Nineveh as God's messenger. These, with many other third day stories, are very suggestive of the resurrection of our Lord on the third day, and as, apart from His resurrection preaching, faith, baptism and all ordinances are in vain we cannot wonder that the Scriptures make so much of the truth of His resurrection. It is also most interesting to note that the Bible begins with a marriage in Eden and ends with the marriage of the Lamb, and the first miracle wrought by the Lamb of God was at this marriage in Cana.

2. "And both Jesus was called and His disciples to the marriage." One of the very first institutions in the Scriptures, and the one that expresses most fully our oneness with God and with Christ, the one also that shall usher in the glorious kingdom on the earth. He said of Israel, "I am married unto you" (Jer. lii, 4), and of us who now believe in Him it is said that we are married to the Lord that we should bring forth fruit unto God (Rom. vii, 4). The words used by Adam concerning Eve in Gen. 11, 23, 24, are used in reference to Christ and the church in Eph. v, 30-32, and in Heb. xii, 4, it is said that marriage is honorable in all.

3. "And when they wanted wine, the mother of Jesus saith unto Him, 'They have no wine.'" There is a want found at this marriage—they have not enough of wine. Whether more people had come than they had expected or whether some one had been mistaken in the quantity needed we are not told.

4. "Jesus saith unto her, 'Woman, what have I to do with thee? Mine hour is not yet come.'" There is neither unkindness nor any lack of courtesy in this word to His mother. There could not be, for God is love, and love is kind, and He was God manifest in the flesh. He virtually said at least this—I will see to it at the right time. The Lord is a God of judgment or discernment; blessed are all they that wait for Him (Isa. xlii, 18).

5. "His mother saith unto the servants, 'Whatever He saith unto you, do it.'" Thus she placed the matter in His hands and quietly left it there. She directed the servants to Him for all further instruction and withdrew from all further responsibility. She knows it will be attended to, and she leaves it. Do we thus cast every care upon Him, every burden and anxiety, and quietly leave it with Him? We are reminded of Pharaoh's word to the Egyptians, Go unto Joseph: what he saith to you do.

6. "And there were set there six water pots of stone, after the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three firkins apiece." The pots were evidently empty, judging from the next verse. When the Lord would use vessels in which to show His power, He requires empty vessels. When He would pay the widow's debt, she was told by the prophet to borrow empty vessels, not a few, and as long as there was an empty vessel the oil flowed to fill it (II Kings iv, 8).

7. "Jesus saith unto them, Fill the water pots with water, and they filled them up to the brim." Now His hour is about come in which He will on this occasion glorify the Father, and He tells the servants what to do. It is always His to command; it is ours simply to obey. From water everything has come, for in Gen. 1, 2, we see nothing but water. In the first seven chapters of this gospel there is much to be learned from the use of this element. In Eph. v, 26, it is an emblem of the word by which we are cleansed.

8. "And He saith unto them, Draw out now and bear unto the governor of the feast. And they bare it." The Son of Man came to minister unto others (Math. xx, 28), and He permits us to be the bearers of His bounties. As He permitted the twelve to bear the bread and fish which He multiplied to the hungry thousands and these servants to bear His wine to the governor of the feast, so He permits us to bear the living bread and water and His love, which is better than wine, to all who will receive it.

9. "When the ruler of the feast had tasted the water that was made wine and knew not whence it was (but the servants which drew the water knew), the governor of the feast called the bridegroom." The water was made wine. He did it, and whether it be by the process of the vine and the grapes or directly, as in this case, it is all equally easy to Him. He is the vine; He is the true vine that maketh glad the heart of man. Not a cup of cold water shall lose its reward; therefore those who give much water now shall have much wine or joy in the kingdom. We are the earthen vessels, and if we fill them up to the brim with the water of His word He will change it to wine in us, and we shall be full of joy. The more sorrow for His sake now, the more joy we shall have hereafter.

10. "And saith unto him, Every man as the beginning doth set forth good wine and when men have well drunk then that which is worse, but thou hast kept the good wine until now." Then it was good wine, the best of wine, which our Lord Jesus made. This testimony is from the ruler of the feast, not knowing whence the wine came. He only makes the best of everything; that which man makes is always inferior. If, as one has said, He keeps His best things for the few, it is not because He is not willing to give His best to many, but rather because only the few are willing to receive them.

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LOVE'S WISDOM.

I have seen what the seraphs have seen
As they gaze through the limitless air.
Through the wind and the clouds to the lean
Pale face of the moon and the bare
Bright flame of the sun. Unaware
I have seen what the seraphs have seen.

Through the limitless spaces of air
The brave mists that waver and wane
Are pallid and patient and fair.
I have fathomed the pride and the pain
Of the snows and compassionate rain
Through the limitless spaces of air.

I have known them—the brave mists that wane
And the glory and peace of the skies
Where all strife and impatience are vain
And a hush are all passionate sighs.
For I gazed in the deep of love's eyes.
And I know what no seraphs shall gain.

—Fall Mall Gazette.

BEN'S DIPLOMACY.

She stood on the back veranda making up the butter. The sleeves of her blue print gown were rolled up past her elbow, and her hands were yet swollen and red from the scalding and chilling process.

Suddenly there came a sharp knocking at the hall door, and a tall, stern featured woman thrust her head through the bathroom window, which looked out on the back veranda.

"There's some one at the door, Bessie," she said, and her whisper could have reached to the house front.

The girl hurried along the narrow passage, unrolling her right sleeve as she went, which was the one to be presented when the door should be opened.

"Good morning," she said as serenely as could be expected from one whose hopes had been raised by a shadow on a frosted pane and shattered by the opening of the door.

"Good morning," said the man at the doorstep, and his eyes smiled crookedwise at the knocker, which was the exact spot where her face was, according to his focus. "Good morning. I—I thought maybe you'd like some peas. They're quite young and fresh, and I've just pulled them."

"We've just got some," said the girl. "John always comes on a Saturday."

"I think I maybe you'd have them," said the young man to the knocker, "but p'raps you'd rather have flowers."

The door was jerked back, and another face appeared above the girl's shoulder. The young man moved his eyes to a hole that had been made for a latch-key.

"Good morning, Mrs. Stuart," he said eagerly. "I—I just looked round to see if Miss Bessie wouldn't like some fresh young peas. I had a good crop of 'em this time."

"Why, of course Bessie will," said Mrs. Stuart, "and she's very much obliged to you for 'em. Aren't you Bessie?"

"Yes, mother," she said, but the words seemed to come from behind shut teeth.

"What are you going to do with yourself on Sunday, Ben?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"I reckon I'm just going to stay at home by myself," said the young man, but an anxious shading stole into his smile.

"You might as well drop in and take a cup of tea with us. Bessie and I will be alone," said Mrs. Stuart, her natural grimness climbing over her blandness.

"Thanks," he said, with alacrity; "I don't mind if I do."

When the hall door was closed, the two women took their way to the back veranda.

"I don't want his peas," Bessie said. "I hate them."

"No, you don't," said her stepmother in her clear cut voice. "You want 'em, and you're going to take 'em, and you're going to behave civil to him when he comes on Sunday."

"I'm not," said the girl, but weakness streaked her voice.

"Don't be a ninny," said her mother. "You'll have him when you're asked. And young Macalister's gone to Western Australia."

Sunday was ushered in with the singing of locusts. A cloudless blue sky dropped down from the heights to the horizon, and a hillside of grim gums stood stark, as if benumbed by the multitude of voices filling the air.

Bessie put on a white muslin gown and walked with her mother to church. Her hat was broad brimmed and deep down over her face, the lace touches of her gown and headgear seeming to belong to her as the petals do to a rose.

Ben Stevens watched her through the service, his eyes hiding the secret of his truncky that his half turned head would have revealed.

He walked down the road with them afterward—that little cold girl separated from him by Mrs. Stuart and a whole wide world of indifference.

He sat through a tea meal by her side and talked to her mother about a weed which spoiled the milk, and he had eaten of soda bread and currant buns.

And now he was watching the moon come up through the trees, while a sort of uncouth bliss was surging in his heart.

"Wouldn't you rather go to church?" asked Bessie.

"No," he answered and let his eyes begin his story.

"I believe I left the canary on the dairy wall," she said and stood up.

"Never mind," said Ben, rising to tower above her.

"But the mosquitoes," she faltered.

"Never mind," he said again, and dropped his head to her level, blaring out a passionate love word into her ear.

"No—no—no!" she said.

"You're shy!" he said. "Now, aren't you? Oh, Bessie, I do love you!"

A tall form emerged from the doorway.

"Bessie, come over here," said Mrs. Stuart. "I suppose Ben Stevens, you mean stealing my girl, hanging over her like this!"

"I love her," said the young man.

"When did you think of getting married?" asked Mrs. Stuart.

"Bessie's never Bessie likes," said Ben.

"The end of the month 'ud be a good

time," said Mrs. Stuart. "Wouldn't it, Bessie?"

The girl's face was in her hands. A muttered word came from between the fingers.

"Then the end of the month," said Mrs. Stuart, "and now you'd better say good night. The girl's a bit overcome with the heat. Good night, Ben. Come again tomorrow."

Ben strode beyond her.

"Will you marry me, Bessie?" he asked sharply. "Let's hear you say it."

Mrs. Stuart smiled triumphantly in the darkness.

"Yes," faltered Bessie, with a roasting look.

And he snatched her in his arms and kissed her.

In the morning Ben was at work among his cabbages and peas, and the remembrance of that kiss was on him as he worked.

That evening there was a glorious dusk with a south wind. Ben, sawing wood, paused with the crosscut saw half through a piece of timber and drew his horny hand across his forehead.

He was so far away that he quite started to hear a light footfall close beside him. He looked around, and there dawned an astounded expression and then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

He put out his arms. What more perfectly natural than that she should slip into them?

But she only smiled and shook her head.

"I've come to have a bit of a talk to you, Ben," she said, and a new consciousness of her power over this big, hulking fellow armed her with a strength which was only born for the occasion and which would have brought a smile to her stepmother's face.

"I don't quite know how to begin," she said, "but—I don't believe you care extra much for me yet, do you, Ben? Not astonishingly much?"

"Don't I, though!" he burst out. "Look here, Bess, would you believe it, I've thought of you every moment of this blessed day. My word!"

She set her mouth. "Then if you care for me that much I can ask you to do something for me."

"Any mortal thing, my girl."

"You could give me up, couldn't you? Couldn't you? Couldn't you? Oh, Ben, I'm that miserable till you give me up and go and tell my mother that you don't want me! But, oh, Ben, don't let her know I told you! There's lots of other girls, and you don't want me, do you? Say you don't. Just say, 'I don't want you, Bessie.'"

He said it after her mechanically, watching her hands twitching nervously at his shirt sleeve.

"I don't want you, Bessie," he said, "and, by heavens, I won't have you if it's agen your will!"

She stooped her head and her warm lips pressed a grateful kiss on his earth soiled wrist.

He told her mother about it, his eyes roaming restlessly about the parlor of Bessie's home.

On Sunday Bessie went to church and wore her big lace hat and sat beside her mother.

Ben was on the opposite side of the aisle and farther down the church, but he could have looked at her if he had wished. He never once turned his head and Bessie watched him, even at prayers.

When the service was over, he stood up, head and shoulders above every one, and it appeared to Bessie his eyes were certainly on the door.

He raised his hat and passed on, holding his head high—an unconscious diplomatist. Presently she saw him striding down the road as though it all belonged to him as well as the home on its side.

Two months went by. Ben took up his measure of days and dealt with them as well as he was able, but the evenings, when the cabbages and the peas were carrying on their lives without him, when his washing up was done and the wind was stealing in the darkness around his home, then he staid to wonder how he was ever going to take tomorrow into his hands.

He always took it, however, and it was always coming.

"We'd have had a fire of an evening," he said two months after he had given her up.

There seemed a tremendous amount of iron in cutting firewood, to his simple mind.

A light footstep sounded behind him. He started, and there dawned an astounded expression, then a rapturous glow on his face.

"Bessie!" he exclaimed. "Bessie!"

She tried to smile, but her face was white and afraid, and her lips quivered.

"I've come—I've come to see you, Ben," she said, and was so unconscious of her power over him that she trembled.

"I suppose—I suppose that you don't care about me yet, Ben. Do you? You don't care a bit, do you, Ben?"

"What do you want plaguing me for?" he burst out. "Can't you let me alone? Are you wanting me to lie over again?"

"I want the truth, Ben," she whispered. —London Telegraph.

Getting an Opening.

A man had a story about a gun which he delivered himself of upon all occasions.

At a dinner party one evening he writhed in his chair for over an hour waiting for a chance to introduce his story, but no opportunity presented itself. Finally he slipped a coin into the hand of a waiter and whispered:

"When you leave the room again, slam the door."

The waiter slammed the door and retired, and the man sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"What's that noise—a gun?"

"Oh, no!" resumed his host. "It was only the door."


"Ah, I see! Well, speaking of guns reminds me of a little story," etc.—Liverpool Mercury.

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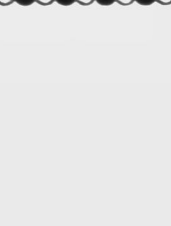
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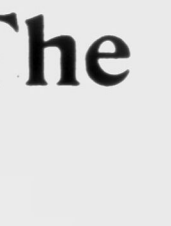
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A journeyman barber in Cincinnati, a specially intelligent man and a favorite with his patrons, says of

RIPANS Tabules

"I want to say that for eight months I have taken three a day, and have not been to see a doctor once since I commenced to take them. Before I would have to have a big tube put down my throat and have my stomach flushed (I believe that is what they call it) three times every week by a doctor that charged me 50 cents for every time. Of course, that gave me relief, but the trouble always came back again, and I can tell you it was no fun to be pumped out about every two days. The doctor said I had a rash of the stomach. Whatever it was, it didn't bother me now. For four years I was troubled, so that I used to lose about three days out of every month. When this barber observed that a customer had a feverish breath, he occasionally presents him with a Tabule, and if taken it removes the difficulty forthwith."

A BONNIE LASSIE.

Today a schoolboy passed my open window, whistling blithely "The Rose That All Are Praising" and so bringing back a little incident that occurred fully 30 years ago. My school days were just over, and I had crossed the sea to Canada, to make my home with near relatives—a Presbyterian minister and his wife. The manse was a humble one, the stipend small and the "de lass" or maid of all work, young.

This "de lass" was the daughter of a respectable Scotch farmer. Maggie, in personal appearance, was lovely, slight in figure, fair skinned, fair haired, with the bloom of a blush rose on her cheeks, a rosebud mouth and large beautiful blue eyes that literally looked like violet, with the dew on them. She was, as became an elder's daughter, "as good as she was bonnie," and as grave as she was good. Maggie's "suld farrant" ways were indeed a source of amusement even to the heads of the house. Her dress was as sober as her behavior. She did, I remember, indulge in a white ribbon for her "Sabbath bonnet," but then the bonnet itself had been her mother's; so had the Paisley shawl which hid the pretty figure. She was but 16 or 17 at the time she sported this gala attire.

Well, Maggie, though so grave, was happy, and had, like many happy people, a way of singing as she went about her work. She hummed to herself over the bread board or wash tub, and when she sat down with her knitting in the evenings she put her Bible on the table beside her, for reference presumably, although she had an excellent memory, and sang psalm after psalm. Paraphrases she regarded as Barrie's Little Minister regarded them.

Sometimes, as I fancied, I had caught the strains of something lighter than a psalm of David. I was so convinced of this that when Maggie informed me one day that she regarded all songs except sacred ones sinful. I mentioned the circumstance. Maggie was so hurt, so scandalized, that I was puzzled. It was difficult to doubt my own ears, but even more difficult to doubt her sincerity. She assured me she would just as soon be guilty of dancing or playing cards, and her knowledge of evil went no further.

About a week after this conversation the head of the house had gone out to a tea party, and I was preparing to follow them, when they floated up from the kitchen steps, where Maggie sat sewing, the strains of the very song the schoolboy whistled today. I rushed down in triumph. "I thought you never sang any but sacred songs!" cried I.

The blush rose deepened into damask, but not with guilt. Beside her, popped up against her workbasket, was a dainty little card, with the words and music of the song framed in a garland of the flower it praised. She looked from me to it and from it to me. "And do I?" she simply asked.

"Do you?" I repeated in fine scorn. "Pray, what's that?" and I seized the card.

Maggie looked quite bewildered. "And is that not a sacred song?" said she.

"A sacred fiddlestick," said I. "Who do you suppose the rose is?"

"Is't no' the 'Rose o' Sharon'?" she asked, tears gathering in her violet eyes.

"The 'Rose of Sharon,' indeed!" cried I. "I should think it isn't. Why, what do you make of this:

"But there's a rose in yonder glen That shuns the gaze of other men. Oh, that's the rose for me!"

"Has it no' a spiritual signification?" asked Maggie, with quivering lips.

"Not a bit of it. It means a sweetheart."

"Are ye sure?" she asked slowly, as if the idea were intolerable.

"Quite," said I. "Ask Mrs. W. when she comes home."

Maggie was speechless. Her breast heaved, her lips quivered; but she was not the kind of person to indulge in tears before others. Girl as I was, it began to dawn upon me that I had made a discord, had, like the child who rudely handles a butterfly's wing, broken something beyond my power to repair.

"It's not a bit of harm," said I, by way of comfort.

But Maggie would not be comforted. "It's harm for me," she said.

"But you thought it meant the Rose of—"

"Oh, dinna!" she cried in real pain. "That's just what hurts maist!" (here a tear rolled down each burning cheek.) "It meant what you said, and, oh, I thought it meant him!" And then I had to leave her.

Circumstances took me far away from Maggie, but I am glad to be able to say that she did not, like so many of the good young people in books, sink into a decline and an early grave, or hide herself in a convent. The world has need of such people. She married a neighboring farmer, a man as old as her father and as grave, and bore herself meekly and dutifully as a wife and sang her babies to sleep with Scottish psalms. I have not heard of any of them for many a year. But the pain of that lament, "Oh, I thought it was him!" comes back to me today and I realize the tender reverence that inspired it and the rare purity of the young heart that held but one image and dreamed of only one love. —New York Observer.

A Grieving For Starch.

A writer in The Woman's Signal (London) says: I have been credibly informed that during a holiday at the coast a servant girl consumed eight pounds of starch, and she said the habit was common. She also stated that the craving for starch when acquired became so strong as to be almost irresistible. I should be interested to know what starch signifies in such a case. The girl I refer to was a native of the West Indies, and she had been in the habit of starching her hair and face, and yet she did not starch in any other way.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR.

The gentleman who had rung the bell several times before the servant let him in was looking surprised and a trifle apprehensive when Mrs. Blykins came into the room.

"I called," he explained, "to inquire about your husband's health. He and I belong to the same organization, and several of the members desired me to call and see how he is getting along. We were very sorry to hear of his illness."

"It's very kind of you," she answered.

There was a crash which shook the chandelier.

She paid no attention to it.

"I think it will be only a day or two before he is able to get out and go down town," she added.

The slamming of doors echoed heavily through the house.

"Has he been dangerously sick?"

"Not until today."

"But I understood you to say that he was convalescent."

"I think I may say that he is so. He wasn't well enough to be dangerous till this morning. But before noon he had discharged the trained nurse, quarreled with the cook, smashed a rocking chair against which he stubbed his toe and thrown the canary bird out of the window. Those are always hopeful symptoms with him, and I feel fairly justified in saying that he is convalescent." —Washington Star.

Poor Thing!

"Doctor," said the bride of a year, "I wish you would try to persuade my husband to lay aside the cares of business and take a few weeks' rest. I'm sure he is killing himself with overwork."

"What particular reason have you for thinking so?" asked the physician.

"Why, when we were first married he always got home from the office before 5 o'clock, but now he is often detained until after 10!" —Chicago News.

No Chance For Glory.



O'Toole—Shure an it's little use to fight wid sayghar! Two black eyes bov Oi give, this wan an divil a bit does he show it! —New York Evening Journal.

The Downtrodden Masses.

"Don't you sympathize with the downtrodden masses?" inquired the philanthropist.

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton, who had been shopping with his wife. "I sympathize with them. And yet I can't help feeling that they ought to know better than to all try to get to the bargain counter at once." —Washington Star.

Working In His Sleep.

It was 8:30, and the breakfast was getting cold, but Mrs. Bonus, wife of Mr. Bonus, the eminent literary man, cautioned the children not to waken him.

"I can tell from the way he groans," she said, "that he's dreaming out a sonnet." —Chicago Tribune.

Assuredly Innocent.

"Heavens," shrieked the sheriff, "we have hanged an innocent man!"

"What!" gasped the deputy, all pale with horror and affright.

"Yes, it must be! Before the drop fell he didn't say a word about going straight to heaven." —New York Journal.

Not For Him.

Tired Treadwell—I'd hate to be a hero over in England.

Bookless Sim—Why?

Tired Treadwell—"Cause as soon as ever a feller ever does any'thing worth mentionin over there they go an put him in de Bath. —Cleveland Leader.

Jealous.

"Dorothy, you were flirting with the photographer when you had this picture taken."

"No, indeed, I wasn't."

"Well, nothing I ever say to you makes you wear such an amiable expression." —Chicago Record.

A Vindictive Grip.

Policeman—I don't see how a little woman like you succeeded in capturing and holding a big burglar like that.

Little Woman (weakly)—It was dark, and I—I thought it was my husband trying to— to slope with the servant girl. —New York Weekly.

The Wheelman.

"The wheelman all vote for him."

"Certainly. He is the author of the law forbidding anybody to walk on the street faster than two miles an hour, or after dark without a bell and lantern." —Detroit Journal.

What They Called It.

Mulligan—They don't all own tails an cabbies by that name any more.

Delligin—An what do they call it?

Mulligan—Safe a in argumethood. —Sydney Herald.

Give to Someone's Name.

"You say you know a man named Mulligan?"

"Yes, I do."

"What's he like?"

"He's a good fellow, but he's a bit of a duffer."

"What's that?"

"He's a duffer."

SHORT NEWS STORIES.

The Diamond Oom Paul Gave Pope Leo.
Farmer and Pudding—The Place
For Sainny Fellows.

Pope Leo is the owner of what is believed to be the largest diamond in the world. It has a most romantic history, having been the cause of the assassination of a king, of numerous other crimes and of a small war in which several thousand men were killed.

Memela, an aged South Africa negro, has told the secret which links him in history with Pope Leo and President Oom Paul Kruger of the Transvaal. It was Memela who owned the diamond for many years. As an act of gratitude to Kruger for freeing him, many years ago, from the Doers, who had captured him, he gave him this precious stone, which he had carried concealed on his body through strange and terrible hardships and adventures.

For a century before that it had been a sacred talisman of savage chieftains. It belonged first to Mosheh, the powerful chief of the Basuto nation, who gave it as a friendly offering to the great king of the Zulus, Oshaka.

The envy that it excited in his brother led to Oshaka's assassination. Then followed plotting and hideous crimes for its possession among rival chiefs. White men, seeing it, finally attempted to secure it, but failed. The native chief's suspicions being aroused, a war against the whites was begun, which resulted in the killing of 1,000 Boers and many times that number of blacks.

When many chiefs were dead, Memela came into power and got possession of the wonderful gem.

His capture, slavery and escape and his gift of the talisman to Kruger in gratitude complete the history of what is believed to be the largest and most precious diamond in the world.

The Farmer and the Pudding.

A story reaches The Scots' Pictorial concerning an occasion on which Lord Rosebery was entertaining a large party, among others a farmer who tasted ice pudding for the first time. Thinking that something had gone wrong in the kitchen and desiring to save his fellow



"It's all right, Mr. —," guesses the pain of his own experience, he whispered to his host that the pudding by some mischance had got frozen. His lordship listened gravely, without moving a muscle of his face, tasted the pudding, thanked the farmer and then called a servant. After some little conversation he turned to the farmer with a relieved expression and said: "It's all right, Mr. —. They tell me it's a new kind of pudding and is frozen on purpose." Thereafter the farmer partook of his portion with evident relish.

A Father's Sacrifice.

The early years of my youth were passed in the seclusion not only of a home life, says Mrs. Julia Ward Howe in The Atlantic, but of a home most carefully and jealously guarded from all that might be representative in the orthodox trinity of evil, the world, the flesh and the devil. My father had become deeply imbued with the religious ideas of the time. He dreaded for his children the dissipation of fashionable society, and even the risks of general intercourse with the uninitiated many. He early embraced the cause of temperance and became president of this country. As a result of this wine was excluded from his table. This gave me no trouble, but my brothers felt the privation, especially the eldest, who had passed some years in Europe, where the use of wine was, as it still is, universal. I was walking with my father one evening when we met my two younger brothers, each with a cigar in his mouth. My father was much troubled at seeing this, and said: "Boys, you must give this up too. From this time I forbid you to smoke, and I will join you in relinquishing the habit." I am afraid that this sacrifice on my father's part did not have the desired effect.

Place For Skinny Fellows.

Everybody knows that Senator Billy Mason has a very sharp tongue in repartee, and very few ever venture to try and trip him up when he is speaking. The senator was making a campaign talk at a hall on the West Side. He was introduced by Louis Wolf as the biggest man in Illinois. He came forward, modestly disclaiming any such honor by pointing to Judge Robert of Peoria, who has certainly the best of the senator in stovardpols if not in position, by remarking: "Oh, no, the judge there is a bigger man than I am!"

Mr. Mason began his talk, but in a very few minutes led up to his favorite hobby, the war with Spain.

"Yes, of course, I was in favor of the war," he was saying when some one in the audience cried out:

"But you didn't go yourself, Billy."

The senator looked, seeing he was rather a thin man, shot back:

"No, sir, I didn't. Men of my size make too good a mark for bullets, and I felt I could do my country better service by staying here and saving some of you skinny fellows from going."

Chicago Times-Herald.



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LEAVE Boston FOR Bedford at 6.35, 8.17, 10.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 4.47, 6.17, 8.17, 10.17, p. m.; Sunday, 8.15 a. m. 12.50, 4.30, 6.05, p. m. **Return** at 6.45, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 1.45, 4.15, 6.35, 8.05, 9.00, p. m.; Sunday, 9.05, a. m.; 12.44, 3.05, 4.15, 5.55, p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Lexington at 6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.33, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m. 12.50, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.30, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 7.56, 8.30, 8.48, 9.59, 11.05, a. m.; 12.15, 12.51, 3.29, 5.45, 6.15, 6.39, 5.10, 6.37, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09, p. m.; Sunday, 9.14, a. m. 12.49, 3.14, 8.00, 4.25, 6.04, 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington Heights at 6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.33, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m. 12.50, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.30, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 7.56, 8.30, 8.48, 9.59, 11.05, a. m.; 12.15, 12.51, 3.29, 5.45, 6.15, 6.39, 5.10, 6.37, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09, p. m.; Sunday, 9.14, a. m. 12.49, 3.14, 8.00, 4.25, 6.04, 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE Boston FOR Arlington at 6.25, 7.17, 8.17, 9.17, 10.17, 11.17, a. m.; 12.17, 1.47, 3.47, 4.47, 5.17, 5.33, 5.47, 6.17, 7.10, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, 11.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m. 12.50, 3.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 8.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.30, 5.56, 6.26, 6.56, 7.26, 7.56, 8.30, 8.48, 9.59, 11.05, a. m.; 12.15, 12.51, 3.29, 5.45, 6.15, 6.39, 5.10, 6.37, 8.09, 9.09, 10.09, p. m.; Sunday, 9.14, a. m. 12.49, 3.14, 8.00, 4.25, 6.04, 8.15 p. m.

LEAVE Arlington FOR Lowell at 6.50, 10.30, a. m.; 4.06, 6.02, p. m.

LEAVE Lexington FOR Lowell at 7.06, 10.55, a. m.; 4.39, 6.35, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Lexington at 7.06, 10.55, a. m.; 4.39, 6.35, p. m.

LEAVE Lowell FOR Arlington at 7.06, 10.55, a. m.; 4.39, 6.35, p. m.

D. J. FLANDERS,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

Boston Elevated Railway Co.

SURFACE LINES.

TIME TABLE.

Subject to change without notice.

Arlington Heights to Bowdoin Sq.—First car 5.01, a. m.; last car 11.15, p. m. Runs at least every 30 min. **SUNDAY**—First car 5.01, a. m.; last car 11.15, p. m. Runs at least every 30 min. **NIGHT SERVICE**—12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 4.30, a. m.

Arlington Heights to Subway.—First car 5.49, a. m.; last car 11.09, p. m. (11.30 to Adams Sq.) Runs at least every 30 min. **SUNDAY**—First car 7.49, a. m.; last car 10.46, p. m. (11.30 to Adams Sq.) Runs at least every 30 min.

Stops as follows:

Park ave., Lowell st., Appleton st., Forest st., Brattle street, Walnut street, Grove street, Schouler court, Bartlett avenue, Arlington car house, Pleasant street turnout, railroad crossing, Arlington house, Franklin street, G. A. R. Hall, Wyman street, Tufts street, Winter street, Henderson street, Tannery street, No. Cambridge railroad crossing, No. Cambridge car house.

Special cars may be chartered at reasonable rates for balls, theatre parties, or excursions to any point on the system, on application in person or by letter at the general office, 101 Milk street, Boston.

C. S. SERGEANT, Second Vice Pres.

October 8, 1898.

Arlington and Winchester

STREET RAILWAY.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell and Lynn at 6.15, 6.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington, 6.35, 7.05, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35, p. m.

Cars at Winchester connect with Stoneham, Reading, Woburn and Lynn.

SUNDAYS

Leave Arlington Centre at 8.15, 8.45, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15, p. m.

Leave Winchester Square at 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Arlington Fire Alarm Box Locations.

4 Jason Street.

18 Corner Henderson and Savin Streets.

14 Corner Mass. Avenue and Teel Street.

15 Corner Mass. Avenue and Lake Street.

10 Corner Mass. Avenue and Linwood Street.

17 Lake Street, opposite D. Wyma's house.

21 Union Street, opposite Fremont.

22 No School.

23 Junction Broadway and Warren Street.

24 Beacon Street, near Warren.

25 On Wm. Penn Horse House.

26 Corner Bedford Street and Lewis Avenue.

27 Corner Mystic and Summer Streets.

28 Mystic Street, near Fairview Avenue.

29 Pleasant Street, near Lake Street.

30 Corner Pleasant and Gray Streets.

31 Wellington and Addison Streets.

32 On Town Hall—Police Station.

33 Russell Street, corner Russell Terrace.

34 Academy Street, near Maple.

35 Corner Mass. Avenue and Mill Street.

41 Mass. Avenue, near Schooler Court.

42 Corner Summer and Grove Streets.

43 On Highland Horse House.

44 Brattle Street, near Dudley.

45 Junction of Mass. Avenue and Forest Street.

55 Concord Hill—Washburn Avenue.

56 Brattle Street, near Eagle House.

61 Corner Florence and Hillside Avenue.

REMOVED.

W. M. TUTTLE,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-law

61 TEMPLE BUILDING, Boston,

Room 211.

Evening Hours in Arlington on Sunday.

LIGHTS OUT.

How often in our little boat

On summer evenings we would float.

Careless of time, of east and west,

Casting from idle talk and jest.

As o'er the water, restless flow,

Drifted to cadence sweet and low.

That plaintive bugle call—

"Lights out!"

How through the old fort it would ring,

Strange echoes from the casemates bring.

While we would wait, our cars at rest

Upon the river's peaceful breast.

And watch the yellow lamp gleams die

At the silvery warning sigh

Of that plaintive bugle call—

"Lights out!"

From faroff camp, from land of fears,

O'er wastes of distance, parting, tears.

Comes the familiar sound of old.

Our life in darkness to unfold.

Alone, upon life's troubled sea.

The fateful message comes to me,

Of that plaintive bugle call—

"Lights out!"

—Gertrude F. Lynch in Chap Book

\$50,000 IN GOLD.

A perfect stranger walked into the

Sidcup branch of the London and Mis-

cellaneous bank and asked to see the

manager.

"Excuse my troubling you," he said,

"but you may be interested to know

that there is a scheme on foot for the

burglary of this bank. As I happened

to be passing, I thought I'd look in and

tell you."

The manager, Mr. Julian Foster, expressed his skepticism with appropriate

composure.

"My dear sir, a burglary at the London and Miscellaneous bank! You must be dreaming!"

"I hope I am," replied the other.

"And, if so, I owe you an apology.

BRILLIANT WEDDING.

And yet another one of Arlington's homes where wealth and luxury abound was thrown open to the friends of the family invited to celebrate no less an important and happy event than the marriage of the daughter of the house. The occasion thus introduced was the brilliant reception tendered by Mr. and Mrs. William Basset in honor of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Ruth, to Mr. Edward Buffum Varney, of Fall River. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Newton M. Hall, of Oneonta, N.Y., brother-in-law of the groom, assisted by Rev. Samuel C. Bushnell, of Pleasant street Congregational church, and was witnessed by the relatives of the contracting parties, after which the reception followed from eight until ten o'clock. The Basset residence on Mystic street, Arlington, embraces the fine estate of the late Wm. Stowe, and the roomy mansion was finely adapted to the requirements of the occasion, when it was thronged by a fashionably attired company of distinguished guests, including a goodly representation of Arlington society and many friends of the family resident of New York and Boston, and other towns of the old Commonwealth.

Everything which would contribute to the pleasure and comfort of guests was provided by the generous host—special electric car running frequently, officials to take care of carriage guests, grounds and exterior of house profusely lit by electricity under direction of LeBaron, an elegant spread with numerous waiters and attendants, and so on through a list of agreeable attentions. The music by Bendix's orchestra, placed behind a screen of verdure in the hall, was delightful.

The interior decorations, done by W. W. Rawson, were superb, nothing more lavish or beautiful ever having been seen in this vicinity. The four reception rooms were decorated to typify spring, summer, autumn and winter, and the effect can be better imagined than described. A graceful branching vine made a deep frieze above the rooms, while festoons of laurel, entwined with pinks, were everywhere. The room where the wedding and reception took place was decorated to represent summer, and here the display of palms, flowering azaleas, banks of the choicest roses and other cut flowers, converted the room into a bower of fragrant blooms. The bay window was faced by a broad arch made entirely of lilies and roses, under which Mr. and Mrs. Varney stood against a background of green foliage. A profusion of jonquils and white flowers banking the mantel, the corners of the rooms banked with tropical foliage, and the walls almost entirely concealed with graceful green vines, was an artistic and beautiful portrayal of spring. In a small room, where punch was served, was a charming arrangement of laurel and violets, the latter tied in bunches on the chandelier, and represented the autumnal season. The cheery colors of winter were displayed in the dining room, and set off the elegant table service finely. The walls were hung with festoons of laurel, with large bunches of deep red pinks placed between the drapery of green. The conservatory, where the coffee equipage was placed, was trimmed in a similar manner.

At the wedding, Mr. Varney was attended by his brother, Mr. Geo. H. Varney, as best man, who, with the ushers, Messrs. Wm. B. Hawes, Cornelius S. Hawkins, Wm. H. Jennings, are residents of Fall River. The chief usher was Mr. William Basset, Jr., while the ushers favors were stick pins of amethysts and pearls.

The bride, a blonde, looked especially attractive and distinguished in an elegant princess gown of rich white satin, worn with tulle veil and coronet of orange blossoms. Her manner was charming throughout the service and the evening, and she and her husband, who is a fine appearing man, made an admirable bridal pair. The bride's bouquet was an immense bunch of lilies of the valley with natural foliage. Mr. and Mrs. Basset sustained the honors of the occasion with becoming dignity, yet with an agreeable cordiality. Mrs. Basset looked especially well in a becoming creation of pearl white satin brocade, trimmed with bands of silver appliqué, wearing in the coffee a white plume fastened with a pin studded with diamonds.

After being received, guests found their way into the dining room, where the supper was everything to be desired, then spent a long time in inspecting the superb display of wedding gifts. The most exclusive shops were represented in a bewildering variety of cut and venetian glass, silver, embracing everything conceivable for table use and decoration, in sets and single pieces, beautiful clocks and mantel ornaments, exquisite sets of china, rare vases, and articles almost without number, which will adorn and be found useful in the new home just set up for the occupancy of the bridal pair at Fall River, their future home. Their "at homes" will occur on Wednesdays after March 15, at 657 Highland ave., Fall River.

Among the persons present known to Arlington, at the reception, were Rev. and Mrs. Bushnell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Spurr and the Misses Spurr, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall N. Rior, with Mrs. Stowe-Gray, Miss Gray and Miss Stowe, Dr. and Mrs. E. P. Stebbins, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Dunlap, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Sam'l E. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs.

Chas. H. Stevens, Mr. Fred W. Damon, Mr. Warren W. Rawson, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. M. Brooks, Mr. Wm. Hyde. There were a host of people from out of town, prominent among which were Mr. and Mrs. Probat of New York, the former a business associate of Mr. Basset. Mrs. Probat wore an elegant gown of blue moire, over a petticoat of a charming contrasting tint. Mrs. Matthew Dolan, of Brookline, wore one of the handsomest toilettes present, a princess duchesse satin of dove grey, with the seams outlined with rich appliqué the same shade.

Gentlemen's Night.

Arlington Woman's Club held its annual gentlemen's night on Thursday evening, and has been the case since its organization, it again proved an event which lends an added laurel to the annals of the club. It was a splendid company which found itself assembled in Town Hall last evening, and one which mirrored in a gratifying way the character and standing of Arlington's best citizenship.

The details of arrangement were in the hands of the social and prudential committees of the club—Mrs. D. T. Percy (chairman), Mrs. E. S. Fessenden, Mrs. Walter Spooner, Mrs. T. Ralph Parris (chairman), Mrs. C. A. Dennett, Mrs. A. T. Marston. The hall was decorated with a profusion of palms and ferns, with some choice cut flowers, all arranged with taste and furnished from W. W. Rawson's greenhouses. There was no attempt to serve a supper, but Caterer Hardy provided all that was necessary in the way of ices and other refreshments, which were passed by a corps of waiters and their excellence favorably commented on. This feature of course followed the formal exercises, over which Miss Robbins, the president of the club, presided.

Miss Robbins' manner and presence, together with those attributes which lend lustre to a distinguished office, were never more apparent than last evening, in her happy address of welcome and graceful manner in introducing Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who furnished the special attraction for the evening in reading selections from Tom Grogan, Caleb West and A Kentucky Ciderella, which it is hardly necessary to state are his own works. Mr. Smith's talents are as exceptional as they are varied, and it was a rare pleasure to come into more direct communication with a man who has excelled, not only in prosaic business enterprises, but as an essayist, novelist and artist, and an extensively travelled gentleman as well. He did not confine himself to the mentioned works, but read on for two hours to the unmistakable enjoyment and appreciation of his hearers, displaying yet another talent in his ability as a reader and a rare mastery of the dialect selections. Mr. Smith is a genius. His presence still further enhances his talents as an author and a reader, and is as one endowed by the gods.

Miss Brackett, director of the choral of the club, provided the musical programme, in which she was ably sustained by Mrs. H. M. Chase at the piano. The chorus sang Brewer's beautiful cantata, "The Hesperus," with solos by Mrs. H. W. Reed, soprano, and Mrs. Wm. Marshall, contralto, and the entire effort was most agreeable to the appreciative audience. Another musical treat was afforded by violin solos by Miss Edith Trowbridge, accompanied by Miss Trowbridge. She played the theme and variations from the Fantasia Appassionata by Beethoven and Le Penetrier Wieniawski.

Miss Robbins and Mr. Smith received at the conclusion of the exercises, as soon as the hall could be cleared, and many had the pleasure of paying both their respects and offering congratulations for their prominent share in the success of the occasion. The ushers were Miss Helen Teel, Miss Bailey, Miss Davis, Miss Bott, Miss Holt, Miss Higgins, Miss Mary Hardy, Miss Annette Wellington.

To Cure Constipation in One Week To Purify the Blood in One Week Strengthen Nerves in One Week To Cure Sick Headache in One Day

Take Cleveland's Celery Compound Tea, 25c. If it fails to cure, your money will be refunded by H. A. Farham, Post office Building, Arlington; O. G. Seely's Pharmacy, Lexington.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts. PROBATE COURT.

MIDDLESEX, ss.
To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of JOHN H. WINN, late of Waltham, in the State of Illinois, deceased, intestate, leaving estate in said County.

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Omar W. Whittemore, of Arlington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond. You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of February, A. D. 1904, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week for three successive weeks, in the ARLINGTON ADVOCATE, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be on day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Register, Judge of said Court, this ninth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSON, Register.

S. P. PRENTISS,
TEACHER OF
PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN AND
BASSOON.

VIOLINS FOR SALE AND RENT.
222 Pleasant street, Arlington.

A. B. C. Notes.

Some splendid totals have been made this week: Burt Rankin 593, E. Rankin 586, W. Durgin 565, Damon 512, Gorham 501.

Teams 3 and 7 bowled on the evening of the sixth, when the former won in the following totals:

Team 2—Whittemore 495, E. Rankin 586, Barnum 482, Bird 471, Ransom 265; team totals 767, 789, 763—2319. Team 2—Marston 473, Wyman 481, Kimball 461, Cutler 461, Hill 416; team totals 789, 702, 801—2292.

Monday evening team 9 won three straight from team 6. The totals were:

Team 9—B. Rankin 593, H. Wheeler 458, Allen 479, Russell 435, Hunton 379; team totals 785, 792, 770—2347. Team 6—Stevens 462, Gorham 501, C. O. Hill 474, Somerby 443, Yerrinton 365; team totals 782, 780, 731—2233.

Tuesday evening team 8 won from Team 5 in first two games, as follows:

Team 8—Durgin 565, H. Durgin 398, Colman 426, Elliot 378, Hartwell 463; team totals 741, 790, 699—2230. Team 5—Homer 480, Kirsch 476, Damon 512, Prescott 426, Moore 276; team totals 728, 711, 739—2178.

Team 9 was defeated by Team 3 in the game last evening. The totals—

Team 9—Rankin 481, Wheeler 551, Allen 433, Russell 337, Hunton 385; team totals 695, 774, 718—2187. Team 3—Emmons 522, Brooks 446, Russell 421, A. Wheeler 449, Wheeler 468; team totals 764, 737, 805—2306.

Woman's Club.

The class in Good Citizenship will meet in Pleasant Hall this evening, at eight o'clock. The subject of Prof. Ward's talk to this class for this meeting is "Social and Individual Degeneration." This class will meet once in two weeks.

The next regular meeting of the club will take place Jan. 19. A paper read by Mrs. Henderson, on "Wagner as Man and Poet" will be the program.

LEXINGTON LOCAL NEWS.

The young people of the Christian Endeavor Society of Hancock Church are making preparations to hold a musicale before long.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Sherburne left their beautiful home on Mt. Vernon for the south on Tuesday. They will stop over for a couple of days in New York and will join Dr. Valentine and family at Washington on Saturday. The Valentines leave for the southward journey on Thursday, and the entire party, after proceeding from Washington, will spend several weeks at Tallapoosa, Ga.

The Lend-a-Hand Club has adopted a new plan for their regular monthly meetings which it is anticipated will promote their interest. The club will meet at noon, when a basket lunch will be partaken of, after which whatever sewing or work there is on hand will occupy the time till four o'clock, when the business meeting will be held. The ladies held their meeting this week, adopting this plan for the first time, on Tuesday, in the parlor of the First Parish church.

Strange and novel book-marks have been found in volumes taken from Cary Library recently, on their return to the library. Matches have been used to mark the page when reading and have been overlooked and the books returned to the library. Books placed on the shelves with such combustible material in them are a menace to not only the library, but the building it occupies and all its contents.

The report of the trustees of Cary Library has been prepared for the annual "Town Reports," and is now in the hands of the printer. The circulation of books the past year has reached nearly thirty-two thousand. There are five hundred and thirty-five families who are patrons of the library, which is a practical demonstration of its usefulness and appreciation among our people, embracing as it does both the rich and the poor. The library now contains eighteen thousand volumes.

Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, who Lexington friends may remember as one of the speakers at one of the Auxiliary meetings of the W. B. F. M., held at Lexington some time ago in Hancock church, is again in this country. On Thursday she spoke at the New Old South church, Boston, on the International Institute for girls in Spain, which she founded a quarter of a century ago that has become a splendid auxiliary to the university at Madrid. The Institute begins with the kindergarten and finally prepares the girls for college.

Those having the interests of the meeting at heart were gratified at the attendance at the meeting of the Guild held in the vestry of the First Parish church, last Sunday evening, when Roland W. Boyden, of Beverly, president of the National Young People's Religious Union, addressed the meeting. Mr. Boyden took as the subject of his address the motto of the Guild,—"Truth, Worship and Service." He spoke mainly on the religious bearing and significance of the motto, and said that truth leads to worship, worship to charity and love, which resulted in service for others. Mr. Boyden spoke earnestly and with excellent effect.

FOR SALE or TO LET—Bloomfield st., Lexington, fine residence, 10 rooms, large reception hall, bath, set tub, hot and cold water, 3 fire places, furnace, cemented cellar, broad piazzas, good stable and hen house, 15,000 feet land, fruit of all kinds; also vacant lot adjoining, 12,000 feet; easy terms. Apply IRVING STONE, Eustis street, Lexington, or J. E. SILLWAY, 430 Tremont street, Boston. 22July

SHORTHAND & TYPEWRITING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, 35 Bromfield St., Room 26, Boston. Pupils aided to positions. Twelfth year, individual instruction. For circulars, Address MISS N. S. HARDY, 24 Lake St., Arlington. 22July 11

EM PARKS, OPTICIAN
333 Washington St., Boston.
We guarantee best class work at reasonable prices.
SPECIALTY: EYEGLASSES, Spectacles, Contact Lenses, etc.

DR. J. W. BAILEY, Dentist
124 North Main Street, Boston.
Opposite Public Garden.

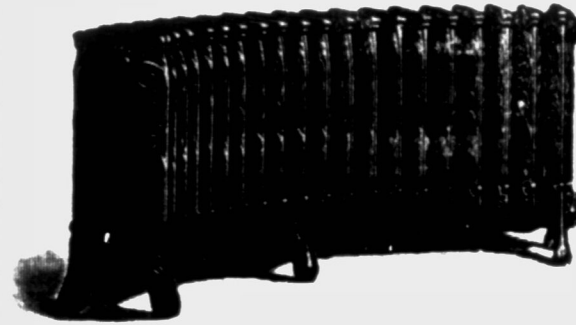
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Subscription Renewals are Now in Order.

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H. B. JOHNSON,
Steam and Hot Water
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PIPING AND FITTINGS FOR SALE AT BOSTON PRICES.
Boilers Re-tubed. Artesian Wells. Wind Mills. Roofing.
In all work contracted for the latest devices and most approved appliances are used and personal attention given to every job. Estimates furnished on contracts of any amount and satisfaction guaranteed. 22July

Eucaline!

The best DISINFECTANT, ANTISEPTIC, GERMICIDE, INSECTICIDE, HAEMASTATIC. Used by PHYSICIANS, BOARDS OF HEALTH, UNDERTAKERS, TAXIDERMISTS, FURRIERS, Etc.
One Part to . . .
One Hundred of Water.
In bottles, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1.00. Per gallon, \$1.75. Special prices per bbl.
Theodore Metcalf Co.,
25 Tremont St., Boston, and Harvard Sq., opp. P. O., Brookline, Mass.
Special agents for New England.

RATS CLEARED

From Hotels, Dwellings, Stores, &c., by the use of Trained Ferrets. Places examined free; satisfaction guaranteed.

JOSEPH A. JONES & CO.,

5 Linwood Place, Somerville, Mass.
Mail orders will receive prompt attention. 22July 11

"See their faces smooth and clean. Because they are using Moseley's Cream"
Analyzed and endorsed by U. S. Health Reports.
MRS. R. L. MOSELEY & CO.,
48 Winter Street.
AGENTS WANTED
16dec 11

Primrose Eye Glasses \$1 Solid Gold Primrose \$3
Best quality of Rock Crystal Lens used. Opticians Prescriptions filled. Eyes tested free by his skilled optician at the old stand, 12 and 14 Tremont Row, Boston. J. EDWARD WILSON, FORMERLY OF WILSON BROTHERS AT THE SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK
42 Hornes B. Johnson, Arlington, Agent.

WARM HOUSES
THE BEST SECURED BY USING THE
WINCHESTER HEATER
FOR STEAM OR WATER
SMITH & THAYER CO.
22July

MAY'S INVISIBLE weather Strip
Dust-proof. Weather-proof. No licks or nails. Durable. Better than Double Windows. No rattling or creaking. 22July

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178 Devonshire St., BOSTON.
Telephone 330-3, Boston
Send for circulars.

MISS J. C. HOOPER, Artist. Arlington
Post-Office Building.
Open for orders every evening, except Monday, and on Saturday afternoons.

Cabinet Photos \$3.50 per doz.

12 Fine Carbonette Cabinets and a 16x20 Water Color Portrait for \$5.00 or with 14x17 Grayon, \$4.00.

Customers to have choice of sitting in several leading Boston studios.
A new and desirable line of frames constant on hand at reasonable prices.
Customers having art elsewhere for cabinets and wishing the latest picture only, can, by bringing a cabinet, receive exactly the same class of work for \$2.50 and \$3.50. Satisfaction guaranteed. 22July

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For further information call upon or address the Manager of your local Exchange, or CONTRACT DEPARTMENT, Room 28, 125 Milk St., Boston. You cannot afford to be without it.

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Makes this Meat, which has grown so popular, Mr. W. A. Prince has added to his Supply Team, and will fill all orders promptly.

BUTTER, CHEESE, EGGS, CHOICE TEAS.
Famous Menotomy Coffee.

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NO BETTER CIGAR CAN BE MADE THAN THE

Blue Bird,
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NO BETTER STOCK IS USED IN ANY CIGAR THAN IN THE

Old Belfry,
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FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
Forty years' experience in the business.
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All kinds of
JAMES WATKINS, FINE PLUMB AND BOILER FITTING
Residence,
Cor. Myrtle St. and Davis St.,
Arlington, Mass.
Order Box of Public & White Sts. 22July

Street Lighting Discussed.

The appointment of a committee to "investigate the subject of street lighting and report at a future town meeting," as voted at a recent meeting of the town, has led to a public discussion of this important matter under auspices of Arlington Improvement Association that cannot fail to be of value when action upon the report of its committee is called for by the citizens. To president William A. Muller, of the A. I. A. belongs the credit of arranging the details of the meeting and its complete success must have been some compensation for the time and thought bestowed.

The meeting alluded to was held in Arlington Town Hall, last Monday evening, and the invitation to the general public was accepted by enough to more than half fill the hall. Routine business of the association was dispensed with, a vote to ask the Historical Society to take the initiative in the Patriots' Day celebration this year alone being taken. Pres. Muller briefly stated the purpose of the meeting, cordially welcomed the citizens present, and then presented Sec'y G. W. W. Sears to read a letter from the Globe Gas Lt. Co. (they had maintained a light on Broadway for a week or two) stating their position, the advantages of a naphtha light, and calling attention to its brilliancy and steadiness. Mr. Muller then introduced Mr. Alex. A. Arthur, to speak in behalf of the Kitson Hydro-Carbon Co. Three groups of burners lit by this system were suspended from the ceiling and certainly made a great showing. The light is more diffusive, more brilliant and less expensive than electricity; the tubes will not clog; the mantles will last the ordinary length of time; the company replaces these and in every way takes entire care of the plant; the charge is for an all night service. The lamps are lighted by an alcohol torch or any other substance that will produce heat. When a sufficient number are installed an electrical current is used. The company is now consolidated and known as the United Heating and Lighting Co., is the largest lighting company in the world and will give any required bonds for faithful and complete service. Later Mr. Arthur said: "We will give you your present candle power light for half the money you now pay—or will double it for the same money."

Mr. Edwin Garcis, Jr., was the next speaker. As the representative of the Welsbach system he had placed in the hands of the town committee a legal bid for lighting the town. The lights his company furnished are familiar to all. They are in use all around us, notably in the Mystic Boulevard. He claimed for the burner more candle power, more equal distribution, a cleaner, better light than any other street light in use. They are placed on ornamental posts, there is no flickering of the light, and in point of economy there was no other system as inexpensive to the consumer.

The representative of the "Washington" Co. said he was not bidding for the town's business, as the company he represented was not prepared to install more than one kind of light. But for that he claimed perfection.

Everett W. Burdett, Esq., was the next speaker. He came as the representative of the Somerville Electric Light Co., and presented the facts and figures used when the Welsbach system made a bid for the lighting contract for Somerville which, after patient investigation, was awarded to the Somerville Co. because it could furnish better and more economical service. He dismissed discussing the other competing companies represented, briefly because "they had no practical service in this climate, and he did not believe Arlington wanted to begin experimenting." It would be impossible to report what it took Mr. Burdett over an hour to state, in the space at our disposal. In a variety of ways he stated the fact that the Somerville Co. was performing a faithful and honest service; there was not a drop of water in its stock, its officers received modest salaries, and the gross earnings of Arlington's business has been less than eight per cent. Tested by any known measurement of light the electric companies were furnishing a given candle power at a lower cost than any other system in use. Measured by this standard the Welsbach would cost more than double what Arlington is now paying for the gross candle power it is receiving.

During the evening questions were freely asked mainly by Messrs. Lawson, E. J. Hardy, Drew, Prescott and Whittemore, and the answers all tended to make the real situation clear. It was a fair, frank and friendly bid for the town's business by rival lighting companies that cannot fail, as we said at the outset, of being valuable to citizens when called on to act in an official capacity.

In this connection it may be of interest to state that the Mayor of Chicago, in his annual address, presents facts and figures regarding the new departure which installed municipal lighting in Chicago two years ago that prove such ownership in certain sections of this city has resulted in a saving of \$27.05 on the cost of each of the 1800 arc lights in use as compared with the previous year, and this partial introduction of city ownership in parts of the city has cut down the price for lights furnished by outside corporations from \$167 to \$167 per light. It is the strongest argument in favor of municipal lighting we have seen, for one of the methods is not much longer than Arlington.